THE BEE
WASHINGTON

VOL. XXXI NO 22 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY OCTOBER 29 1910

Honor To Washington

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON IN NEW ENGLAND.

Royal Receptions Tendered Him.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 20.

Fresh from his European experiences Booker T. Washington came to Boston Saturday night from New York, where the night before he had been banqueted at a dinner in honor of his return by leading Negroes from New York City and State, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the District of Columbia at famous Kahil's, 18 Park Place, New York.

He has spoken at a series of meetings here and in the vicinity which have tested the capacity of the assembly rooms wherever he has appeared. Beginning Sunday morning, October 16, at 11 o'clock, he spoke in the aristocratic First Parish Church of Brookline. He was whisked in an automobile at the close of the meeting to Brockton, where he also spoke at the morning service at the Porter Congregational Church. In the afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, having made the trip by automobile, he appeared at a meeting held in the Eliot Congregational Church at Newton, and wound up the day with a meeting at night at the Congregational Tabernacle at Salem.

All of these meetings were held in the interest of Tuskegee Institute, and were attended by crowds so large that in each case hundreds of people were turned away, being unable to gain admittance to the churches.

The indefatigable Tuskegeean not content with these efforts in behalf of his famous institution, filled engagements in its behalf on Monday night, October 17, at the Central Congregational Church, Fall River, Mass.; and at famous Bradford Academy for Girls, Bradford, Mass., and at the First Baptist Church, Haverhill, Tuesday evening, October 18.

The meeting at Fall River was presided over by Congressman Green, who made a particularly interesting and eloquent address in introducing Dr. Washington to his friends and constituents.

At Bradford Academy, one of the most important and most exclusive girls' schools in New England, the young women assembled in the yard, and on Dr. Washington's arrival gave their college yell in his honor and followed him with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs into the hall. Dr. Washington's daughter, Mrs. Portia M. Pittman, is an alumnus of this institution.

Returning to Boston Tuesday evening, Dr. Washington found at the depot an automobile which had been provided by the United Committee of Colored Elks, which conveyed him to Paine Memorial Hall on Appleton street, where a reception and band concert were being held by the Elks. Some seven or eight hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. They welcomed the Negro leader with cheers, hand-clapping, the waving of handkerchiefs, etc., and gave every evidence of sincere pleasure in being able to entertain him as a guest of the occasion. A detachment of Company L of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment met him and his party at the door, and acting as an escort of honor, conducted him to the platform, where he was received by Stewart E. Hoyt, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and introduced to the audience in glowing terms of welcome. Negro Boston, as represented by these seven or eight hundred ladies and gentlemen, was certainly responsive to the occasion, and drowned with their applause again and again the eloquent words of appreciation which fell from the lips of the recently returned traveler.

On Wednesday evening at huge Tremont Temple the monster meeting of the week was addressed by Dr. Washington. It was the closing meeting of the series being held under the auspices of the Congregational Church. Dr. Washington's address before the American Missionary Association drew thousands of people. The streets were choked with Boston's leading people, white and black, for an hour before the meeting, and even then only those who sought admission were able to do so. It was a typical Boston audience, with many delegates from all parts of the country, that came to its feet in the most enthusiastic and spontaneous welcome of the session. It was only after repeated efforts that quiet could be secured so that the orator could proceed.

The demonstrations of good will and the huge audience that everywhere have greeted Dr. Washington on this the first visit of his fall campaign in Boston and vicinity is eloquent testimony to the hold the man has on the community; there is no indication of any lack of continued interest in the man and his work. His has been the dominant personality, honored and welcomed wherever he has appeared during this week of triumphs.

NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL NOTES.

The National Training School has begun its second year's work. The opening exercises October 4 were largely attended by citizens and distinguished persons from the States. The addresses had the ring of sincerity, and it is evident that the trustees will have the hearty co-operation of many in their effort to provide a building sufficiently large to accommodate the rapidly increasing student body.

We have twenty-two States and three foreign countries represented in the enrollment. They come from the far West, the East, the North and the South. We are crowded, and still they come. We have outgrown our building and have taken up apartments at the adjoining residence. We have just completed our dining-room, and it is entirely too small. The room built for Domestic Science is being used for dormitory purposes, and the office of the president must be converted into a Domestic Science room, and she will move her desk and clerical force to her bedroom. We do not know where she is going to put the office force and the desk, but we did notice, the other day, that the space under her bed is not yet occupied, and by carefully packing up the blankets, bed linen and towels kept in this room, the clerk will, perhaps, have standing room to take notes. It is remarkable how we are utilizing space and how quickly we can convert our rooms from libraries and class rooms to business departments, training rooms, and, indeed, anything. There is no confusion or disorder, but we are simply doing the best we can with what we have.

The building is a positive necessity, and it is useless to build a small one, for the growth of this institution is so marvelous and rapid that it is unwise to attempt anything on a small scale. All of the departments are running this year, and it has taken very wise planning to take care of all of the classes, and yet everything is running on schedule time; and there is some real work being done on Lincoln Heights. The president announced at the very beginning that frills and fads would be eliminated, and that fundamental work would be done. To this end, the very best teachers were secured that the work might be practical and comprehensive.

Every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 religious services are held in the chapel, at which time we have some noted speaker or a minister to address us. These meetings proved very successful and helpful last year, and we look forward to even greater accomplishments this year. For the present term we have as our speakers Rev. W. A. Wilbanks, Rev. David F. Rivers, Rev. Sterling N. Brown, Rev. J. Francis Grimke, Rev. Junius I. Loving, Rev. I. Toliver, Rev. Wm. D. Jarvis, Rev. M. W. D. Norman, Rev. Walter H. Brooks, Rev. Aquila Sayles and Rev. Edward B. Gordan.

On Sunday afternoon, October 16, Miss Mattie Bowen gave a splendid address to the students. She spoke particularly of the advancement the school has made under the leadership of its president, and of the most excellent outlook the beginning of the second year presents. The advice given by Miss Bowen to the girls was full of cheer, and yet she was serious in her delivery. She was not as lengthy as she usually is, but she explained that she was so elated over the present progress that she could not say very much. She was surprised to be invited to take lunch in the new dining hall, and she promised not to stay away so long as she had during the vacation, for noting the many improvements made since her last visit, she imagined that if she remained away a few months the new industrial hall would be built. Rev. Jackson, an African missionary, was also present, and he told, very pleasantly, of some of his experiences in Africa. He said that he was very grateful that he had been instrumental in having the people of that dark land know Christ, and particularly was he pleased to tell of the great interest the Christians of America had taken in Christianizing foreign fields. He also expressed his delight in the progress of the training school, and announced his intention of having his daughter enter the school as a student. The student body so beautifully rendered "At the Battle's Front" that upon request of Miss Bowen it was sung a second time.

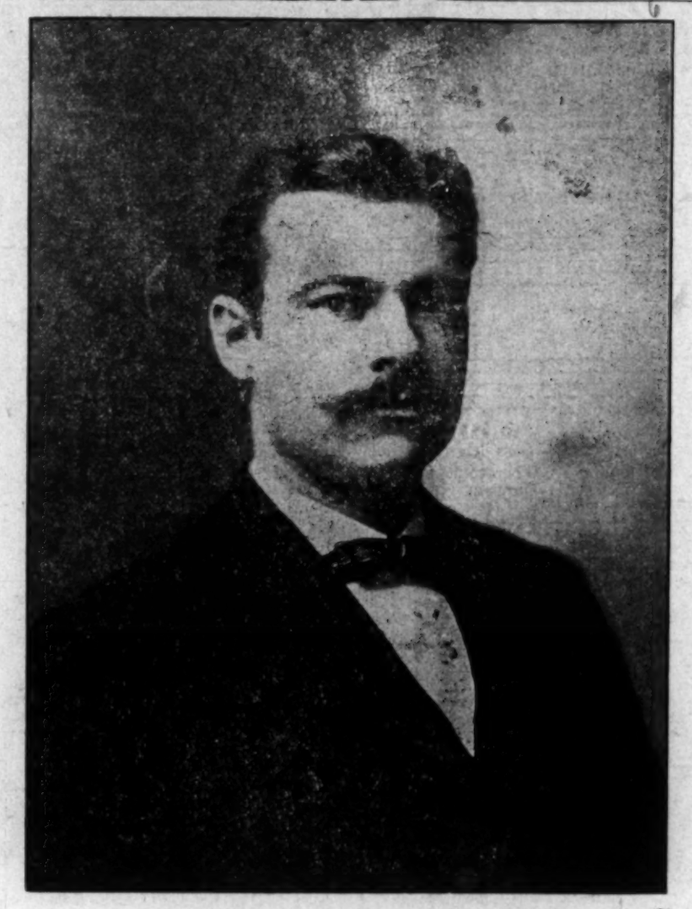
The Hill is noted for having established the law of "Perpetual Motion." Everybody is busy all the time. "Move and make things shine" is the watchword. The new furnace is now being installed and we need the means with which to meet the payments on the same. We are also in need of about thirty tons of coal, as well as wood, for the winter. We are making a special effort to look after the comforts of our students, and as the winter is rapidly coming on we are calling the attention of our friends to the need of quilts and blankets.

The Literary Society held its first meeting of the term on Friday evening, October 14. The program was quite creditably rendered. It is evident that there is much talent among the young women, and the president said "We have much good materia! here that will respond to the touch of the 'trainers.'"

Christian Endeavor.

The most interesting meeting since the opening of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church was held Sunday. Special musical numbers were rendered, after which a discussion of the topic, "The Chances we Miss," was taken up. The discussions proved very instructive, especially to the younger persons present. Special installation exercises were held at which the new pianist and treasurer, as well as chairmen of committees, were formally accepted. The officers now are: Miss M. Penn, president; Miss Edith Savoy, vice president and pianist; Miss Ida Freeman, treasurer, and Miss Ellen Lee, secretary. Miss Louise Wormley and Mrs. Peters were accepted as chairmen of the music and lookout committees, respectively.

READ THE BEE.



JUDGE DANIEL THEW WRIGHT,
Who is being considered by the Pres ident for the United States Supreme Co urt.

The Patterson Case

The Bee will publish the case of Moses Patterson next week. It will make interesting reading. The next meeting on the school question will be held in Deanwood, D. C. During the latter part of November meetings on the school question will be held throughout the city, and a petition for the abolition of the office of assistant superintendent of the colored schools will be presented to Congress. The Board of Education is hard to be convinced that Mr. Bruce is not the right man to be at the head of the colored schools.

Social Settlement.

The attendance at the Sunday evening services at the Colored Social Settlement is getting larger each Sunday. These meetings are under the management of Miss Hawes, who is assisting Miss Eloise Bibb in the work in connection with this Settlement, and promise to be very interesting. Last Sunday evening the children recited Bible verses. Mr. I. Edward Wilson played two mandolin solos, and Rev. Van Loo, of St. Monica's, addressed the meeting. Mr. Duffield, the originator of the anti-tuberculosis movement in the city of Washington, and who now has charge of the Cardoza playground, gave an instructive talk on tuberculosis. Miss Vergie Gibson, of Chicago, acted as organist. A great deal of good can be accomplished at these meetings and all are invited to attend. They are held from 6:30 to 7:30 every Sunday evening.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS

9—BE

A White Discrimination.

Editor The Bee:

This must be about the time spoken of in Holy Write, when the devil will be turned loose for a little season.

It seems now that an epidemic of Negrophobia has struck the good old State of Ohio. Many of the best citizens there have been placed in an unpleasant and embarrassing position at the method of registration this year. The foolish question, "Are you white or black?" must be answered by the whitest white man or the blackest black man in the State. Some prejudiced white hellians never tire in their damnable efforts to down the colored people and law-abiding citizens of this glorious old country. The more the colored people are singled out to be crushed, the more determined they become to rise!

I remember well, when I was a little boy, a crowd of us boys got together once and tried to kill a cat. We took the old cat away down the hill (in South Carolina) and pelted him with stones until he was dead—dead, as we thought. But several hours after we had gotten back home the old cat was seen staggering on its way to the house. The old Tommy, though bruised and mangled, was still with us, and looked at us as if to say:

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?" etc.

WHO! WAS IT THAT SAID WAR WAS — HE CERTAINTY WAS A FRIEND OF MINE
KNOX
FREEMAN
FACTS
RETALIATION
WHO'S LOONEY NOW?
I WILL BET HE WISHED HE HAD LINCOLN A TREE
Mc GOWAN

So it is with the colored race. Mr. Prejudiced White Man, you may do all you can to crush them, but, true as the old cat, when you think they are dead and buried, be not surprised if you should look around only to see a mighty host of people, who put their trust in God, with a more determination than ever before to live! live longer! and grow stronger.

The Ohio method of registration this year goes to show, if you please, that all Negro-haters are not confined in the States of Mississippi, Texas, and Georgia, but there are others. Let us all put our trust in God. Don't fool away too much precious time with these po' white folks, for they are enough to drive us all to drink!

J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

Liberia's Bon Voyage to Dr. Lyon.

(From the Liberian Register.)

Dr. Ernest Lyon, the retiring American Minister, who is expected to leave Liberia shortly for the United States of America, was recipient of some most favorable pleasantries at a reception held in his honor at the Mansion House on the 31st of August last, to wish him bon voyage. Besides the presence of His Excellency, Prsident Barclay, President of the Republic, and Mrs. Barclay, on the occasion, there were present the Vice President, the Cabinet Ministers, the new American Minister and wife, the Consular and Diplomatic Corps and their wives, high government officials, members of the legislature and prominent citizens from all parts of the Republic.

The New American Minister.

Dr. William D. Crum, of Charleston, S. C., who arrived at Monrovia a few weeks ago, has actively begun his duties as Minister resident and Consul General near this government. Dr. Crum has been engaged in public life for a number of years and has been a prominent factor in his own State as well as in the National conventions. He served as collector of customs of the Port of Charleston for several years, which position created more unpleasant notoriety than any appointment President Roosevelt made during his administration. Notwithstanding the constant threats made against Dr. Crum, he held his post and performed the functions of his office faithfully and efficiently. He resigned only a few months ago before being appointed as Minister to Liberia. Dr. Crum is a practicing physician of standing reputation, and had an enviable practice in his home city. We are glad to have Dr. and Mrs. Crum in our midst and we feel certain that he will bring his knowledge and experience gained from a long public career to bear in behalf of this Republic.

A BLACK SOUTH AFRICA.

Prof. Broon's Prophecy.

(From the Tsala Ea Becoana.)

Prof. R. Broon, lecturing recently in Johannesburg on "South Africa 100 years hence," made some curious and interesting statements. He said he had gone into the question and was thoroughly convinced that the black man, if the present policy was continued, was going to rule South Africa in 100 years. There would be a Native South Africa and this country would be no more of a white man's country than India or China. He did not include the colored people in his meaning, but he referred to the Kafir or Bantu race. There were some 1,200,000 white people in South Africa, while there were 7,200,000 Kafirs. One of the principal factors that was welding the natives together was religion. More and more black labor was being employed in the Cape Colony, and in a short time the native would have a large number of trades in his hands. Inter-marriage between natives and whites was taking place in Cape Colony, and eventually they would find that the race would become a mixture, such as was found in America. The day would come when there would be a Kafir government in South Africa. The segregation policy seemed to be the most practical way of saving South Africa for the whites.

Howard University Night at the Bethel Literary.

Tuesday night, November 1, will be Howard University night at the Bethel Literary and Historical Society. The Howard Night last year was a notable occasion, and helped to draw the University and the townspeople into closer and more sympathetic relations. There will be music by the vested choir of nearly fifty voices, also by the band and orchestra. Brief addresses will be made by the deans of the several departments of the University setting forth the present conditions, plans, and prospects of the several departments.

A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of the University to be present.

On Foggy Bottom.

Judge Gaynor, of New York, who visited this city last week and stated for the benefit of the press that Washington City was as bad as New York, etc., must have strolled in Foggy Bottom or Louse Alley. If he strolled in either section, these places are not as bad as the tenderloin district in his city. Peace and order reigns supreme in all sections of the city, even in the divisions that are set apart for the sporting element. Every one of the above places is a paradise to the most fashionable section of New York.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

According to the report of H. B. Peairs, supervisor of Indian education, Indians have progressed to such a stage that it does not now require a special course of study to fit the roaming bands to live a more civilized life.

Woodrow Wilson, who was nominated by the Democrats for governor of New Jersey, resigned the presidency of Princeton University. The senior trustee, John A. Stewart, is temporarily acting president.

According to rumor, Jack Johnson, after being turned down by seven American life insurance companies, was notified by a London company that it would insure his life from any sum up to $100,000.

A gift of $100,000 to the campaign fund for the World's Conference on Church Unity was given by J. P. Morgan.

The Senate in Port au Prince, Hayti, voted for a new bank, which will act as a treasury for the loan of $13,000,000 recently issued at Paris, the proceeds of which will serve for the interior debt, and the retirement of paper money.

Mrs. Francis Folsom Cleveland, widow of the former President, has been named by Gov. Fort, of New Jersey, as one of the managers of the Women's Reformatory. Mrs. Cleveland has taken a deep interest in charitable and correctional work among women in that State.

For the purpose of making Washington a city of 500,000 inhabitants, a large number of persons interested in the upbuilding of the city have organized a "Washington Half-Million Club." The prime object is to boom the National Capital.

In their annual report to the Commissioners, the trustees of the Public Library urged the citizens to contribute funds, as the library is in need of more books and better-paid staff of employes.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the noted author and philanthropist, who held advanced place in the intellectual life and who fought slavery, died at the age of 91 years. Her great and good works will live after her.

John D. Rockefeller celebrated the opening of the new hospital attached to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York, with an additional gift of $3,820,000. This hospital is for the study by experts of particular diseases. There are now 70 patients.

Vice President Sherman will leave Utica for North Carolina, where he will spend a week making speeches in behalf of the Republican Congressional candidates. He will visit Raleigh, Greensboro and other leading cities.

Peppermint growing is a new industry on the reclaimed lands of Louisiana.

Canada is steadily increasing in its sales of manufactured and industrial articles to the United States. The heaviest trade was in lumber and pulp wood, aggregating $9,828,577.

M. W. Stricker, president of Hamilton College, one of Vice President Sherman's closest friends, and a Republican who has always stood behind the party's candidates, delivered a rousing speech in behalf of John A. Dix, the Democratic candidate.

According to official statements of the Forest Bureau, the losses in the Western forest fires in August amounted to $15,000,000. There were 6,000,000,000 feet of timber burned.

The National Museum has received a life-sized painting of George Washington. On the back of the frame is written in pencil "Gen. George Washington, first President of the United States, 1803, for Lorenz Lewis."

So rarely is tuberculosis found in horses that upwards of 1,700 pounds of horse meat is eaten raw by delicate patients at hospitals in Paris, as the meat is not indigestible, asserts an authority on the Board of Health there.

The most notable speech of the Ohio campaign was delivered in Marysville, Ohio, by former Senator Foraker, in which a plea for harmony in State and Nation was made.

J. M. Munyon, of Philadelphia, for whom Dr. Crippen worked both there and in London, has cabled to London that he will give $300,000 of his fortune to prevent the death of Dr. Crippen on the scaffold.

Andrew Carnegie, his wife and daughter Margaret have arrived in this country. He is much feebler in health. He will remain here until May, when he will return with his family to Skibo Castle.

The State of Virginia should have sent a statue of Thomas Jefferson rather than Robert E. Lee for a place in Statuary Hall, said Auditor William E. Andrews, of the Treasury, who addressed a rally of Connecticut voters in that State.

The Department of Jusice will shortly begin a complete investigation of the white slave traffic in this country. A large force of special agents will be sent out shortly with instructions to cover every important city in the country for persons who are engaged in the trade of women.

District Attorney Lewis.

Mr. W. H. Lewis, of Boston, Mass., is an educated gentleman and fully competent to handle the office of Assistant Attorney General of the United States. The Bee congratulates the President. Light has begun to shine, and the colored American will soon find the promised land.

Read The Bee.

WHERE·IS HEAVEN?

CHILDREN'S SONG.

WO IST DER HIMMEL?

HARRY E. MUCHMORE. (German words by the Composer.) JAQUES MENDELSOHN.

Allegretto con moto.
mp
1. Grand - ma, now I'm grow - ing tir - ed.
1. Gross - ma - ma, jetzt werd' ich mü - de,
2. Guess the sky is one big cur - tain,
2. Ist der Him-mel nur ein Vor-hang?
mf
p il accompaniamento.
poco cresc.
But be - fore I go to sleep,
doch be - vor zu Bett ich geh',
And I real - ly think, don't you,
Glaubst du's nicht? ich denk' es mir.
Come where breez-es soft are blow - ing,
Komm mit mir noch in den Gar - ten,
That the stars are on - ly pla - ces
Und die Ster - ne sind wohl Löch - er,
While the shad - ows
Dass ich noch den
Where some one has
Durch-zu-guk - ken
cresc.
dark - er creep.
Him - mel seh.
bro ken through?
auf uns hier.
Are the stars, so bright - ly shin - ing, Heav-en's windows, Grandma dear?
Sind die Ster - ne, die so fun - keln, Himmel's Fen-ster, Gross-ma - ma?
But I can't make out quite clear - ly, How folks ev - er get so high
Doch was ich gern wis - sen möch - te, Wie kommt man wohl dort hin-auf?

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CHORUS. rit. a tempo.
And are an - gels look-ing thro' them, At us in the gar - den here? Tell me, where is Heav - en,
Und guk - ken da En - gel 'run - ter, Auf uns und den Gar - ten da? mf
Grand - ma, tell me, how I'll man - age, When I have no wings to fly. Sag mir, wo ist denn der
Könnt' ich doch nur auch so flie - gen, Wie mein Dra-che, wenn ich lauf'.
mf rit. a tempo.
Grand - ma? Is it ve - ry far a - way? If I leave this place to - mor - row,
Him - mel? Wenn ich erst mal grös-ser bin, Und früh mor - gens von hier fort - geh'
cresc.
Can I reach there in a day? Are there lots and lots of chil - dren? Will they tell me I can
Komm' ich A-bends dann noch hin? Giebt's dort vie - le klei - ne Kin - der? Spie - len sie auch al - le
poco rit.
a tempo.
play? No one cross, or none to tease me?—Where is Heav - en, Grand-ma, say?
da? Ist keins bös', Wird keins mich nek - ken? Sag mirs, lie - be' Gross - ma - ma!
ritardando.
a tempo.
colla voce.

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THE HUMAN RACE.

Will Man Simply Shrink Off the Face of the Earth? Asks This Statistician.

A French statistician who has been studying the military and other records with a view of determining the height of men at different periods has reached some wonderful results.

He has not only solved some perplexing problems in regard to the past of the human race, but is also enabled to calculate its future and to determine the exact period when man will disappear from the earth.

The recorded facts extend over nearly three centuries.

It is found that in 1610 the average height of man in Europe was 1.75 meters, or, say, five feet nine inches. In 1790 it was five feet six inches. In 1820 it was five feet five inches and a fraction. At the present time it is five feet three and three-quarter inches. It is easy to deduce from these figures a rate of regular and gradual decline in human stature and then apply this working backward and forward, to the past and to the future. By this calculation it is determined that the stature of the first men attained the surprising average of sixteen feet nine inches.

Truly, there were giants on the earth in those days. The race had already deteriorated in the days of Og, and Goliath was a quite degenerate offspring of the giants. Coming down to later time, we find that at the beginning of our era the average height of man was nine feet, and in the time of Charlemagne it was eight feet eight inches. But the most astonishing result of this scientific study comes from the application of the same inexorable law of diminution to the future. The calculation shows that by the year 4000 A. D. the stature of the average man will be reduced to fifteen inches. At that epoch there will be only Lilliputians on the earth. And the conclusion of the learned statistician is irresistible that "the end of the world will certainly arrive, for the inhabitants will have become so small that they will finally disappear"—"finish by disappearing," as the French idiom expresses it—"from the terrestrial globe."—London Tit-Bits.

GOT AHEAD OF PITT.

The Ruse by Which George III. Outwitted His Premier.

On Jan. 19, 1805, Dr. Manners-Sutton, bishop of Norwich, was giving a dinner party in his Windsor deanery when his butler informed him that a gentleman wished particularly to see him, but would not give his name.

"Well, I can't come now in the middle of dinner," said the bishop.

"Beg pardon, my lord," but the gentleman is very anxious to see you on important business," and the butler was so urgent that the bishop apologised to his company and went out. The gentleman who would not be denied proved to be King George III.

"How d'ye do, my lord?" said he. "Come to tell you that you're archbishop of Canterbury—archbishop of Canterbury. D'ye accept—accept? Eh, eh?"

The bishop bowed low in token of acceptance.

"All right," said his majesty. "You've got a party—see all their hats here. Go back to them. Good night."

Next morning Pitt appeared at Windsor castle to inform his majesty that Archbishop Moore had died the day before and to recommend the bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Pretyman, for the vacant primacy.

"Very sorry, very sorry, indeed, Pitt," said the king, "but I offered it to the bishop of Norwich last night, and he accepted. Can't break my word."

Pitt was very angry, but the deed was done, as the king meant it should be, and so Dr. Manners-Sutton became archbishop of Canterbury and held the great office for twenty-three eventful years.—Michael McDonagh in Chambers' Journal.

Where to Purchase the Bee.

The "Washington Bee" is on sale at the following named places:

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Drs. Board and McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th Street. N. W.

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Send in your subscription at once for The "Bee" 2507 P street, agency.

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IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Redgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

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ED. PINAUD BLDG. NEW YORK

AN AFRICAN TITBIT.

Hippopotamus Meat Has a Strong Odor and Flavor of Musk—Is Liked by the Natives.

To the African traveler the hippopotamus is a species of game particularly desirable, for its ivory and its hide are both valuable, while the not inconsiderable danger involved in its pursuit provides the delicious emotion without which every kind of hunting is tame and insipid. Moreover, the obligation under which the leader of the expedition lies to feed his servants and carriers adequately makes one of these enormous beasts, twelve feet long or so and disproportionately wide, a perfect godsend. Not only does the hippopotamus furnish a formidable amount of meat, but that meat has the inestimable merit of keeping fresh much longer than any other, principally owing to the fact that flies seem to have an insurmountable horror of it. I must admit that for a long time I thoroughly sympathized with the flies. Alive, the hippopotamus has a peculiar odor, somewhat resembling musk, which discloses the presence of the animal from afar when he happens to be to windward of one. In the flesh of the dead animal this odor—or the taste of it, rather—persists and is much appreciated by the natives, though foreigners take a long time to get accustomed to it; some are never able to support it.—Wide World Magazine.

FIVE SENSES NOT ENOUGH.

Our Limited Scale of Consciousness Shuts Out Many Vibrations.

Between the vibrations that we call electricity and the vibrations that we call heat we imagine there must be other vibrations filling up the gap, but we do not know, simply because we have no senses that can comprehend them. The spectrum is just such a little scale. Below the darkest red at the lower end we cannot see; at the other end as the vibrations get faster and faster through the orange, the blue and the violet is another unknown gap—that is, we cannot see it. But surely the vibrations are there. Some of them, for instance, that we have never seen and never can see mark their presence on a photographic plate. And this same spectrum may be used as an analogy to describe spiritualistic phenomena. Just as there are limits at either end of the scale of vibrations beyond which our own senses can tell us nothing so may there be psychic forces at work beyond the limits of our consciousness. These are seemingly supernatural to us when we witness their effect, but they really are no more supernatural than the X ray that pierces the solid body or the invisible ultra violet ray that marks the photographic plate.—From "Are the Dead Alive?" by Fremont Rider in Delineator.

When the Waiter Wins.

Two men were wrangling as to who should settle with the waiter for the luncheon. When the question had been finally decided and the contestants had gone the waiter said to one of his regular customers who was a witness of the scene: "That's what we like, for every time it happens we come in for an extra tip. The man who couldn't get the check has only one way to get even, and that is by giving the waiter something, and nine times out of ten he does it and makes the amount more than he would have given if he had paid the check. This one ordered extra cigars and left the change for me. We like the 'give me the check' quarrels."—New York Tribune.

Quick Wit.

In the days when Rowley Hill was bishop of the Isle of Man one of his clergymen, bearing the name of Tears, came to say adieu to his bishop on getting preferment.

The parson said: "Goodby, my lord! I hope we may meet again, but if not here in some better place."

The bishop replied, "I fear the latter is unlikely, as there are no Tears in heaven."

"No doubt," wittily answered the parson, "you are right that our chance of meeting is small, as one reads of the plains of paradise, but never of any Hills there."

Overfeeding.

"Men drunk from liquor and men drunk from overeating are most susceptible to pneumonia and die of it," said a Chicago health commissioner in an address. "The majority of cases of pneumonia are of patients who contracted the disease after a drunken debauch or who were drunk from overfeeding," the commissioner continued. "People drunk from overfeeding, I think, are almost as immoral as those who stupefy themselves with liquors. The effects of pneumonia in such patients are much the same."

Champagne Corks.

The manufacture of the best kind of corks, those made for champagne bottles, are never intrusted to machines. The ordinary common cork is made by machinery, but the best work invariably is done by human hands, and the champagne cork cannot be trusted to a machine. All the blemishes in the cork have to be taken into consideration, so this work is done by hand labor.

Unexpected.

Bessie—Yes; he held me on his knee, and I rested my head on his shoulder, and just as his mustache brushed my cheek he said— Jessie (expectantly)—Yes; he said— Bessie—"Isn't it beastly weather for this time of year?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere with himself.—Lowell.

DEATH OF THE WORLD.

When Water Disappears and Air Gets Too Thin to Breathe Then Will Come Dissolution.

The age of the earth is placed by some at 500,000,000 years, by others 100,000,000 years, and still others of later time place it at 10,000,000 years. None place it lower than 10,000,000, knowing what processes have been gone through.

Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in so much earlier or later stages of existence. The earth must become old.

Newton surmised, although he could give no reason for it, that the earth would lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then it has been found that Newton was correct.

As the earth keeps cooling it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of paper each year.

At this rate in 6,000,000 years the water will have sunk a mile, and in 15,000,000 the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.

The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live. The time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.—Richard A. Proctor.

"CREASING" A WILD HORSE.

For One Captured by That Method Fifty Were Killed.

Will C. Barnes, writing in McClure's of the various methods of capturing wild horses in the old days on the plains, says:

"'Creasing' was one of their devices. This consisted in shooting a bullet so that it struck the animal on the top of the neck just in front of the withers and about an inch or so deep close to the spinal column. The shock temporarily stunned the horse, and the hunter ran up and tied the animal's feet together before he recovered. A rope halter was slipped on his head. A gentle horse or sometimes a work ox was led up alongside the prostrate beast, and he was securely necked up to the gentle animal and thus could be handled easily. Old mustangers say, however, that for one horse caught this way fifty were killed and that as a matter of fact the method was not used very much except in an emergency, when a hunter, after days of attempts to capture, finally took the risk of successfully creasing an unusually fine animal rather than see him escape altogether.

"One of the best cow ponies I ever owned I bought from a mustanger who had creased him on the plains east of the Pecos river in New Mexico. There was a hole in his neck fully two inches deep and wide, where the ball from the heavy buffalo gun had plowed its way through the flesh just high enough above the spine not to kill and low enough to stun effectually."

India Ink.

In both India and China there are thousands of people who manufacture india ink as a side line to their regular business, working at it in the winter at night and on days when they are not otherwise employed. It is made by burning some kind of oil in a lamp with a very long chimney, usually made in joints which can be taken apart for greater convenience in cleaning out the soot which makes the ink. Almost any kind of vegetable oil will answer, and in districts where petroleum is found even coal oil is used in making the cheaper grades. The best kind is made from sesame oil.—Argonaut.

His Hand.

Tom Reed was playing whist on one occasion in his club in Portland. One of the party whom the "czar" did not like extravagantly had a habit of carrying a good deal of black realty under his finger nails, and the rest of his hands never looked clean. But the fellow had good luck, which nettled Tom. Finally, almost unable to conceal his impatience, the giant speaker of the house of representatives remarked in his metallic nasal tone of voice, "Blank, if dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have!"

A Terrible Threat.

"You say your titled son-in-law holds threats over you?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has us where we can't give him any argument at all. Mother and the girls say we must yield for the sake of the family honor."

"Is there—er—a skeleton in the closet?"

"Not at all. He simply announces that unless he has his own way he'll get naturalized and be a plain American citizen."—Washington Star.

Highly Esteemed.

"Do you think that most people nowadays worship money?"

"No; I won't go as far as that," answered the home grown philosopher, "but I will say that the love of money is seldom platonic."—Washington Herald.

Limited Love.

"When your parents first refused me your hand, I was so wretched that I wanted to throw myself out of the window."

"And why didn't you?"

"It was so high!"—Lustige Blatter.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes in the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveler, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hillsides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bareheaded, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 580 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Mediaeval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Fitzstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Fitzstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadwit of Ionia." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, sighed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely handled is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and a noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all of the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Fellow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast."—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.

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MAN'S RESPECT FOR ANIMALS

We Must Recognize That We Are Overseers of Other Forms of Life on Earth.

If we have any belief at all in a difference of moral faculty between ourselves and the animals we must recognize that we are, so far as our powers over nature will permit, overseers of other forms of life upon the earth, not merely for our own advantage but for the good of the universe. We cannot deny that the struggle for life exists and that we must take part in it and do our best to destroy those forms of life which are hostile to ourselves. We cannot go so far in respect for life as to found a society for the prevention of cruelty to bacilli. But at the same time our respect for life is a sign of our triumph, however imperfect, over the struggle for life; and the greater this respect becomes the more we are men conscious of the promise and significance of all life and the less we are beasts involved in the blind waste of nature.

Very slowly and imperfectly this sense of the promise and significance of all life grows in us. It is not only an intellectual, but rather a religious and emotional idea. It appears first in men like St. Francis with a prophetic sense of a nobler state of being. From them it is communicated by the beauty of their example rather than by argument, to other men; and perhaps when it has become a matter of course in all civilized human beings we shall find that it is of practical value and it will attain to a scientific justification.

A Persistent Hen.

Ever hear about our little red hen? Well, sir, she was on the set for keeps. Couldn't keep her off. Old doorknobs, soda bottles, lamp chimneys, match safes—anything was good enough for her. Finally I put her on three mud turtles, and I hope to die if she didn't hatch out alligators—yes, sir, three of 'em! One of 'em ate her up, and when we opened him there was the hen settin' on his back teeth, and they'd swelled up so they choked him to death.—Exchange

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have, these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of those over three millions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

Richardson's Pure Drug Store

316 4½ Street, S. W.

Just received a large assignment of fresh drugs and a large collection of very fine toilet preparations, Easter goods, and many useful articles, just the thing you desire for Easter offering.

Richardson's Old Reliable Pure Drug Store,
316 4½ Street, S. W.
and 14th and R Streets, N. W.

The commission in charge of the Illinois Hall of Fame, at Champaign, has decided that the late Philip D. Armour is entitled to recognition, owing to his services in promoting the livestock industry in the United States.

Cardinal Logue, the prelate of Ireland, who is in Durham, N. C., to attend the consecration service of St. Patrick's Cathedral, said: "The colored people should have been educated first, then gradually emancipated. It was a mistake to set them free, untutored and helpless.

There are many colored families who are living in crowded houses on small plots of land in towns or cities who want real freedom and real opportunity for themselves and for their children. It is very difficult to rear children in a crowded town or city. The place to rear children is in the country.

In Macon County, Alabama, the colored people have a rare and exceptional opportunity. This is the county in which The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute is located. There is plenty of good land for sale on easy terms. There is a good schoolhouse, and the school term lasting from seven to eight months in every part of the county. The white people in Macon County are of the very best class. There is no disorder or racial trouble. We advise colored people who are now living in crowded towns or cities, in the North or in the South, and especially those who have children to raise to come to Macon County and buy a home where they can get plenty of land to cultivate and rear their families in the county free from the temptations of the cities and towns.

For further information write or see:

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THE BRUNSWICK HOTEL.

The proprietor of the Brunswick Hotel, Mr. Andrew W. Sears, was arrested and his hotel raided by the officers of the Sixth Precinct Station some time ago, and the case went from the Police Court to the Grand Jury, and then to Criminal Court No. 1, where Mr. Sears was tried by a jury, Justice Daniel Thew Wright presiding.

The Brunswick Hotel is at 220 B street northwest, and its proprietor is Mr. Andrew W. Sears, a man of good reputation, as was fully demonstrated at the trial on last Monday. There are several white hotels in this precinct, but not one has been raided, charged with being a disorderly house. The Brunswick Hotel is for the benefit of colored Americans, and so far as Mr. Sears is concerned, he will permit no one to enter his hotel for immoral purposes. Since the house has been in his charge and under his supervision, Mr. Sears has made every effort to carry on a legitimate business. What proprietor of a hotel in this city, the Willard, the Arlington, the Raleigh, the National, St. James, or any other hotel, can swear, if a man and woman presents themselves as husband and wife, that they are not really married? How many thousands of couples present themselves to many of the above hotels who are not married, and without the knowledge of the proprietors or managers. These hotels are not raided. Why are the colored hotels made the victims of police raids? The jury in Criminal Court No. 1 acquitted Mr. Sears. The evidence, by the verdict of the jury last Monday, didn't warrant a conviction. The evidence also showed that some of the very best colored citizens visit the Brunswick Hotel. Some of the best citizens testified to the good reputation and character of Mr. Sears. Colored hotels in this city don't allow any more privileges to patrons than white hotels. Colored hotels very seldom, if ever, have homicides committed by wives and husbands of other men and women. The colored hotels are not the resting places for thieves and thugs or so-called wealthy gentlemen who turn out to be professional thieves and swindlers. The Brunswick Hotel never permits such characters to light. The police department should call a halt to these promiscuous raids. It is not necessary to raid a legitimate licensed hotel without a just cause.

The Brunswick Hotel is now open for business as before, and it is hoped that the Sixth Precinct will be a little more careful in the future and try some of the hotels that are doing business on a larger scale than the Brunswick, at 220 B street northwest. The friends of Mr. Sears are highly elated and gratified over the outcome of his arrest and unanimous acquittal by a jury of twelve American citizens, and they assure him that they will in the future as they have in the past, give him their patronage and support.

If we are to judge the character of the Brunswick Hotel by the persons who visit there, then The Bee is prepared to say that it is first-class in every particular.

WHY IS IT THUS?

One would presume that the young and rising colored Americans of today would be an improvement on the reconstruction colored American, but, to our surprise, he is not. Of course, there are a few exceptions. The young colored man and woman of the lower classes are even worse than the lower element of colored people after reconstruction. Why is it thus? If you get upon a street car, you are confronted with this noisy element. The women are as bad as the men. Many of them have no politeness or respect for others or themselves. No longer than last Sunday evening a noisy element of colored women boarded one of the Laurel cars, between Riverdale and the District line. Such noise was disgusting. The men, as well as the women, were noisy and impudent to the conductor. Now, just such rowdyism makes it hard for the more respectable colored citizens, or those who respect law and order. Is it any wonder that we have "Jim Crow" cars? Many of this class believe that their freedom and emancipation give them the privilege of doing and acting as they please. The churches could do much in cultivating this class of people. What they need to be taught are politeness, cleanliness and sobriety. It must not be presumed that it is a person's color always that is a bar to his success in life. The editor of this paper never thinks about his color. All that confronts him is how to succeed in life, no matter who is in his way, or what the impediments are. The colored man or woman can succeed if he or she wills to do so. He or she must demonstrate the same manhood and womanhood as the white man or woman. Why is it thus?

JUDGE DANIEL THEW WRIGHT.

The rumor is that Judge Daniel Thew Wright will be appointed on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. If such is a fact, The Bee doesn't know of a jurist more deserving or more qualified for the position than this fearless and distinguished member of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Judge Wright is more on the order of an English judge than any one we know. He has demonstrated his ability as a judge in more ways than one since he has been upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He has a heart that is sympathetic, and a mind that is as broad as the sea. He knows no man by the color of his skin. He knows no corporation, no matter how large or great it is, if it commits a wrong, and neither does he hesitate to punish those who represent great institutions that operate in restraint of trade. He can be depended on to do his duty as he sees it. The President, therefore, could not appoint a better or a safer man to expound the laws of the United States and protect the rights of the people. Can a better man be found? He is entitled to the promotion, and it is hoped that President Taft will not hesitate to appoint him.

The American people, irrespective of religious creed or nationality, would hail with one acclaim the appointment of Judge Daniel Thew Wright. No man is any more considerate than he, and under all circumstances and conditions he will give a defendant the benefit of all doubt.

BLAME THEMSELVES.

The Zanesville, O., Advocate has a very sensible editorial entitled "Lest We Forget." The Bee fully agrees with the sentiment expressed in the editorial and emphasizes what the Advocate stated. The Northern colored Americans are to blame for conditions, to an extent, that exist politically in the South, so far as the appointment of colored men to office in the South. The Northern, Western and Eastern colored politicians advocated the non-political recognition of the colored men in the South because they had sense enough to secure official recognition. The Northern colored men hadn't sense enough to secure official recognition, hence they disliked to see Southern colored men appointed to office. These self-same political agitators in the North are now finding fault with the Republican party for doing just what they have been asked to do by them. Who is to blame for the non-recognition of the Southern colored men but the Northern demagogues who are now organizing what you may call national independent political unions, which mean ease and comfort to the Democratic party. Just what the colored Americans can see in the Democratic party the columns of The Bee are open to all who desire to show the merits of that party so far as the colored man is concerned.

COLORED MEN BOLT.

Reports from the Sixth Congressional district of Maryland state that hundreds of colored Republicans will bolt Mr. B. H. Warner, Jr. It is claimed that these Republicans are the friends of Mr. Daniel W. Baker. They resent the attack that was made on Mr. Baker by Mr. B. H. Warner, Sr. Again, they claim that the managers of the Warner campaign have ignored the colored Republican leaders in the District, and they intend to show to the Republican candidate that their votes will count this time. As The Bee stated last week, B. H. Warner, Jr., will be defeated by from three to five thousand votes. Mr. Warner doesn't care for the support of colored men anyway. It is said that he would much prefer their opposition and abuse rather than to have their indorsement and support. Of course, the colored voters are not anxious to support Mr. Warner, and they will take his managers at their word.

The recent indorsement that was given to Mr. Warner by a few Washington colored Republicans is not at all appreciated.

LEGAL "CAPPERS."

There are a few colored men calling themselves lawyers who do nothing but secure cases for white lawyers. They assume the air of lawyers, attempt to charge a fee, but not in every case until they have consulted the white man who is to be associated with them in cases. The white lawyer generally conducts the case, and the colored gentleman sits back in a chair looking wise. There are only a few of these individuals of this character at the bar. This is what you call false pretenses. Many of them would rather show their ignorance to white lawyers than to admit to their own brethren that they are ignorant. These men who obtain cases by such methods are nothing more than legal "cappers," and the people should not be imposed upon in such a manner.

ROSCOE C. SIMMONS.

A few colored editors have been surprised and angry because Mr. Roscoe C. Simmons has been made the editor of the New York Age. They are saying all kinds of bad things about Mr. Simmons' connection with the Knights of Pythias. If what has been said be true, why is Mr. Simmons permitted to roam at large? The best evidence of the value of a man is when the immaculate people begin to abuse him. The Bee welcomes this fearless knight of the quill back to the fields of journalism. The Bee has always been an admirer of Roscoe C. Simmons, and hopes that he will have a successful career as the new editor of the New York Age.

Mr. Fred. Moore will no doubt take care of the business end of the Age.

AS HONOR TO RACE.

President May Appoint Colored Man to High Position in Justice Department—William H. Lewis, of Massachusetts, for Assistant Attorney General—Now Assistant at Boston. Said to be a Capable Lawyer and Has Record as College Athlete.

President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham are said to have agreed upon a most important appointment for the Negro race, in pursuance of a policy that is being worked out as broad recognition of that race in Federal appointments as possible.

The man who is to secure the highest honor ever given to the Negro race in Federal appointments is William H. Lewis, who is now assistant United States attorney at Boston. If the program goes through, as now arranged, Lewis is to be appointed Assistant Attorney General of the United States to fill one of the vacancies existing in the Department of Justice.

Lewis has been assistant attorney at Boston for eight or ten years, and has an admirable record as a lawyer and legal representative of the government. He is a graduate of both Amherst and Harvard colleges. At Amherst he was the captain of the football team, and at Harvard he was the most noted center rush that institution ever knew.

As Assistant Attorney General of the United States it will be necessary to assign him to some of the most important legal work of the government, and he will come in frequent contact with Senators, Representatives and others having business with the Department.

Other Appointments in View.

This probable action of President Taft will go further in recognition of the Negro race than any President in history. It is understood that the President intends to do still more for the race. He has now in contemplation the appointment of Charles A. Cottrill, a well-known Negro of Toledo, as Collector of Customs at Honolulu.

The President recently named Whitfield McKinlay, a District colored man, as Collector of Customs here, a position never before held by a colored man. J. C. Napier, of Nashville, is to be Register of the Treasury, in place of W. T. Vernon, another colored man. Henry B. Johnson, a Georgia colored man, is Recorder of Deeds for the District, and ex-Gov. Pinchback, formerly of Louisiana, has a $3,500 place in the revenue service in New York.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Gladstone once said, referring to Lord Baconsfield, that "he possessed all the elements of greatness, namely, love of race, sympathy and insight." The one great trouble with many of our so-called colored leaders is that they lack these very essentials to greatness, but do possess a superabundance of selfishness.

* * *

I see ex-Minister Ernest Lyon, of Liberia, has been called to the pastorate of a colored church in Baltimore. I never much approved of a minister becoming an active participant in politics to the extent of giving up "the work of Christ" for political office. And I even more deprecate the return to the pulpit of a minister who has held office. I cannot recall a single colored minister who entered actively into the political game and held office who did not get a little of the unwashable stain of the world on the hem of his garments. Just focus the field over and note how many politically active colored ministers who became a part and parcel of "the great white way," instead of drawing converts from "the great white way" to the meek and lowly Nazarine. I have little confidence in the religion of the minister who becomes a politician. I have less in the clerical politician who returns to the pulpit after drinking the dregs from the cup of worldly things.

* * *

I see Prof. L. B. Moore has got tangled up in the courts, the result of a business partnership. I am not acquainted with all the facts, and have no desire to be acquainted with them, as they are none of my concern. I do, however, as does especially all other Howard graduates, regret seeing an educator divide his time between education and commercialism. I may be a trifle blind and dense, and this may account for my inability to see how Prof. Moore can render just and proper service to Howard University while at the same time pastoring a church and engaged in the undertaking business. Prof. Moore, in justice to himself, ought to swim or float. He ought to drop some of the ballast he is carrying to rise. And this is a friendly opinion, too, for Prof. Moore is a clean, high-class, splendid man of rare ability.

* * *

I see that Prof. H. F. Kealing has been elected president of Quindaro University, to succeed Register W. T. Vernon, who really founded the school and really built it up. Now, there can be no doubt as to Prof. Kealing's qualifications, but it does seem that if Bishop Grant, whose protege Dr. Vernon has been, and the other high dignitaries and functionaries of the A. M. E. Church, all of whom were instrumental and potent factors in boosting Dr. Vernon into official life, had the influence to land another member of their church into the presidency of Quindaro, they ought to have had sufficient pull to have restored Dr. Vernon to this school he built up. It looks to the ordinary layman, accepting exparte testimony, that Dr. Vernon had, like Brutus, been stabbed in the house of his friends; that the Register's friends, instead of his enemies, had thrust the iron into him. Now the question is, how far did Bishop Grant and his compeers go for the Register, and how sincere were they for him? The part that they played appears, to a novice in church politics like myself, like a game of poker in which one of the players stands pat on a pair of deuces, because he expects to quit the game when the hand is played.

* * *

I see the Hon. John C. Dancy still hibernating around Washington, and living in the same residence, with no fear of eviction, although he is no longer on the government pay roll. The inference is that the provident North Carolinian put away snugly and safely some of the $32,000 which he drew as Recorder of Deeds. It is not exaggerating overly much, knowing the tightwad proclivities of the brainy ex-Recorder, that he salted away about $30,000 of the 32,000 drawn. That's going some, but we all know Dancy is a record-breaker. And Dancy displayed good old horse sense at that. He had too much sense to live on the salary of yesterday in anticipation of the salary of to-morrow.

* * *

And speaking about Dancy and the fateful and regretful "ex" that now stands ominously and unattractively before his euphonious name reminds us of the grim political fatality among colored office holders. Here we have in one summer two dark complexioned, worthy sons of Ham sent unconditionally from the public crib. The "Black Cabinet" has had two awful punctures this summer.

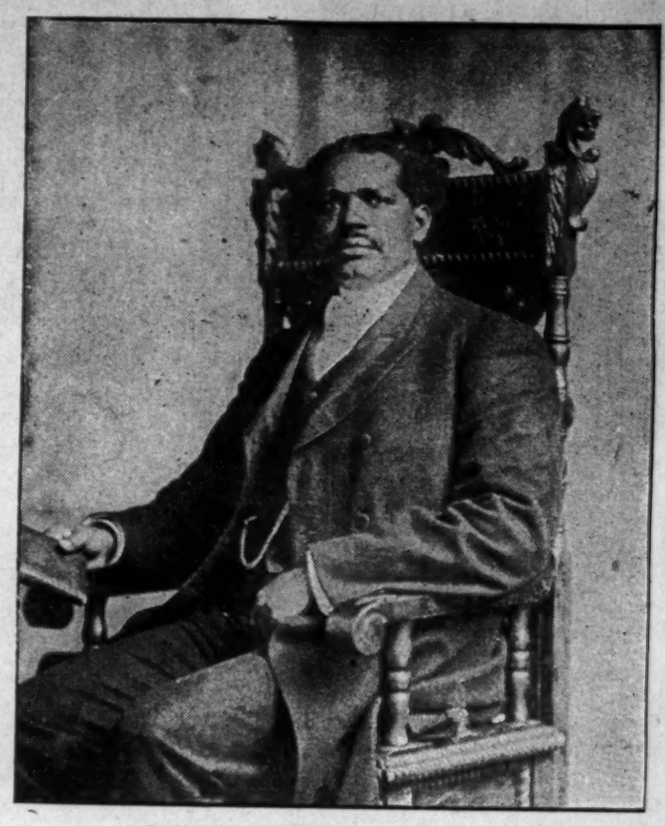
* * *

And speaking about the Black Cabinet, not since Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet has a more repulsive title been given to a set of men. Jackson's Kitchen Cabinet did have some influene with the then Chief Magistrate. but this Black Cabinet, outside of dining on terrapin and old musty ale. had no service to render. The title was a misnomer. The alleged Black Cabinet simply attitudinized—that's all. It breakfasted on assumption, lunched on pomposity, and dined on conceit.

DEMOCRATIC RECORD.

Tillman said in a recent speech: "We stuffed ballot boxes; we shot Negroes; we are not ashamed of it."

* * *



REV. SYLVESTER L. CORROTHERS.

SPECIAL SERMON.

Rev. S. L. Corrothers at Galbraith.

The main auditorium of Galbraith A. M. E. Zion Church has been filled to its utmost capacity for three Sabbaths. Rev. Corrothers has been preaching special sermons. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8 p. m. he will preach a special sermon. His subject is "The horse and his rider." There is not a more forcible speaker in the pulpit to-day than Dr. Corrothers.

To-morrow evening, Sunday, the house will be packed, and those who wish to hear this distinguished divine should go early if they want a seat. He is to-day one of Zion's most popular divines, and the only man since the organization of Galbraith Church who has made it what it is to-day. Since the death of Bishop Smith, the talk now is that Dr. Corrothers will be his successor. No better man could be selected than Dr. Corrothers. The record of this well-known man as a minister of the Gospel stands at the head of the list for good work. He is unselfish and as charitable as any minister in the country. He is a faithful worker.

Frank Clark, Congressman from Florida, in a recent speech said, with reference to the race:

"This is the country of the white man, not the home of the mongrel."

* * *

Hoke Smith, late governor of Georgia, said:

"I favor, and, if elected, will urge with all my power the elimination of the Negro from politics."

* * *

These men are the leaders of the Democratic party to-day. The above words are their sentiments. Democratic Congressmen of the South control the Democratic Congressmen of the North. Vote election day to send a Republican Congressman from your district to Washington. We cannot afford to do otherwise. Remember this, men of the race.

* * *

Vardaman, of Mississippi, in an interview during the National Democratic Convention at Denver, said:

"I would rather the Democratic party went down to defeat forever and be remembered for their deeds done in the past, than that there should be put into the platform of the Democratic party one thing to catch a Negro vote, or that Bryan should be elected by the votes of veneered savages."

* * *

Extract from Bryan's speech at Cooper Union in New York last spring:

"The white man in the South has disfranchised the Negro in self-protection; and there is not a Republican in the North who would not have done the same thing under the same circumstances. The white men of the South are determined that the Negro will and shall be disfranchised everywhere it is necessary to prevent the recurrence of the horrors of carpet-bag rule."

A Cincinnati resident said the other day that the churches of the "Queen City" do not affiliate and cooperate to a desirable extent. There seems to be envy, denominationalism and indifference in a very prevalent state among Cincinnati churches. It is not a desirable condition and keeps back much progress that would otherwise be enjoyed.

On the other hand, in Cleveland there is a spirit of church unity and co-operation that maketh glad the heart. In many movements the churches work together in harmony. Many successful ventures can be traced to the pleasant feeling enjoyed here.

REV. JAMES H. WHITE DISPLEASED.

He Wants His Place in the History of His Church—Only Pastor Unanimously Elected.

Editor of The Washington Bee:

Will you please give space that I may comment upon that portion of our church history which the historian left blank at our last annual meeting?

The forty-sevnth annual gathering of this, our Shiloh Baptist Church, I hope it will not be as our last annual meeting, for the historian of the church last year left blank the main history of the church, and that was the battles and victories that the church won, and the pastor, who led the church through all its struggles.

It is well known that from the second Sunday that Rev. Taylor didn't preach; that I preached on that Sunday, and the following Tuesday night was made pastor by the joint board of officers. It is true that Deacon Samples, being formerly a member of the white church, used the words "Spiritual Adviser," but every intelligent member in the church knew that these words meant pastor, and I served until I was restrained by the order of court, then after the church called the Rev. Dr. Waldron I served four months as co-pastor.

The historian left all this blank, and my name was not mentioned, nor my services as pastor or co-pastor, in our last annual meeting. As the battles of an organization and the victory it wins are the pride of all organizations, civil, political and religious, they all make a special reference, in every annual gathering at least, to those events and special honor is given to the one who led the victory. Every member of this church knows that I led the church through all the battles, and that we kept together until the night the vote was cast for our present pastor, and then over one-third went out that night and organized what is known as the Trinity Baptist Church.

I think that I ought to repeat here that I kept the church together until the vote was cast that night, and as soon as these members went out and organized. Can we as a church afford to allow the historian of our church to leave blank this portion of its history, that is the battles and victories and those who led, when all nations honor the men who lead in battles and pay those who serve in time of peace? I hope the church will direct the historian to give to the people the true history of the church and not deprive the church of its own honors, which were won by its members alone. I hope that my name and my service that I have given to the church will go down in the history of our church, that the children, who come after us will be able to read the true history.

I repeat, I hope the church will not allow the historian any more to leave blank the main history of our church, or the main part of its history, that is the battles and victories and those who fought the battles. We do not only as a nation honor those who fought the battles, but we are paying today over $145,000,000 annually to those who fought the battles and their heirs, aside from turning once a year to give special honors, and as I am the honored ex-pastor of our church and the only living preacher that received an unanimous vote in the church, I believe, therefore, that the historian should give me a place in the history of our church.

REV. JAMES L. WHITE,
2533½ 15th St. N. W.

October 23, 1910.

At Howard Theater.

There was a large crowd at the Howard all this week. Society turned out strong. Among those who were seen this week were Register W. T. Vernon, Prof. J. T. Layton, Mr. J. T. Newman, Dr. Napor and Miss Williams, Miss Ryan, Mr. William Oury and lady, Mr. William Clifford, Misses G. B. Maxfield, Naomie Tappin, Attorney M. T. Clinkscales and wife, Attorney Fontain Payton, Mrs. A. V. Chase and daughter, Miss Beatriz; Attorney J. F. Bundy, wife and children, and two visitors from the East, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy; Attorney A. W. Scott and wife, Assistant U. S. Attorney James A. Cobb, Auditor R. W. Tyler and wife, Judge Robert H. Terrell and wife, Capt. Arthur Brooks, Attorney L. M. King and wife, Attorney W. L. Pollard, and hundreds of others of Washington's leading citizens.

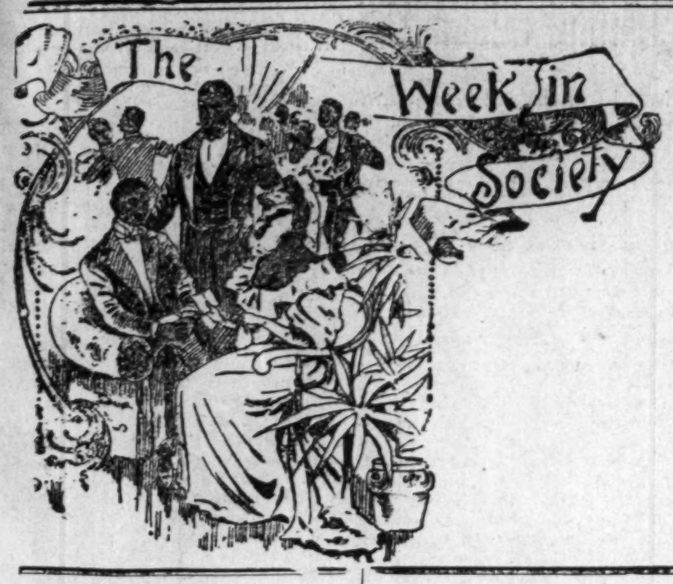
He Doesn't Deny It.

Oct. 26, 1910.

Friend Chase: Will you kindly correct an error through the columns of The Bee.

I was not convicted on the truth or falsity of the letter, the only question being "Did I write it?" As a matter of fact, I did write the letter in question to Shelby J. Davidson, who turned it over to Curtis. I would not perjure myself and say I did not, hence correction. Yours,

R. E. S. TOOMEY.



Get your drugs, medicines and toilet articles at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

Mrs. George Evans, with her three children, have returned to her home in Boston, Mass., after a very pleasant stay of ten weeks in Bennettsville, S. C., visiting her mother and friends in this city, also New York City.

Misses Viola Dixon and Emma Morris have returned to their home in Baltimore, after a very pleasant visit to friends in this city.

The freshmen class of the Department of Liberal Arts, Howard University, met Wednesday, October 12, and elected the following class officers: Messrs. Thomas R. Davis, president; Charles E. Lane, Jr., vice president; Frank R. Cook, treasurer; Miss Eva M. Dykes, secretary; Miss Arullen, assistant secretary; Miss Lois Johns, critic; Mr. LeRoy Turner, journalist, and Mr. Dickens, chaplain. Officers were installed Wednesday, October 19, by Prof. Washington. Appropriate speeches were delivered.

Mr. T. J. Willis has resumed his studies in the Medical Department of Howard University.

Mrs. Jessie R. Paige, of Appalachicola, Fla., who has been visiting in this city for several weeks, left Tuesday, October 18, for Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Paige was pleasantly entertained by the several Households of the Order which she represents, also by friends.

Mrs. E. V. Hollin has returned to the city, after spending a very pleasant summer in Sea Bright, N. J., and with relatives in Jersey City and New York.

The Garfield School Literary held its initial public meeting Wednesday evening. Judge Geo. C. Scurlock delivered an address, subject, "The Survival of the Fittest," and music by the Allen A. M. E. Church choir were the leading features of an enjoyable evening. The meeting was held in the assembly hall of the school and was well attended. Among other speakers, Messrs. A. W. Carroll, J. H. Young, W. A. Bell and Jenkins, who were greatly applauded for their words of encouragement. Refreshments were served by the entertainment committee, of which Mr. J. W. Caldwell is chairman. The Literary's next entertainment will be in the nature of a joint debate, and it promises to be only another of the many good things to which Garfield will be treated during the coming winter.

Mr. James Dutton has returned to his home in Delaware, after a delightful visit to this city.

Mr. Esau Winston, who has been ill for two weeks, is improving slowly.

Miss Eva Harvey, one of our most successful school teachers, who was overcome by gas at her home, 1825 Oregon avenue, recently, is much improved.

Mrs. Lucy Freeman, of 14 West 99th street, New York City, is now residing at 1321 S street northwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of this city, are visiting friends in Reading, Pa.

Miss Julia Taylor, of this city, is visiting friends in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah J. Smith, of Cambridge, Md., was in our city last week, to attend the golden wedding anniversary of Rev. and Mrs. Arnold.

Mr. Madison Reid has returned to his home in Baltimore, after a pleasant visit to New York, Atlantic City and this city.

Mr. Frank Bacchus, of this city, is visiting his mother in Richmond, Va.

Miss Mary V. Arter is now in Fall River, Mass.

Miss Annabell Pinderhughes, of Providence, R. I., was a recent visitor to this city.

Mrs. Harriet Ferguson, of 5th street southeast, is in New York, attending her daughter, who is ill.

Mr. Allen Mercer, of this city, left for Boston, Mass., this week, to be united in marriage with Miss Portia Elizabeth Bird, on the 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Mercer will be pleased to see their many young friends at 1323 Wallace Place northwest, after October 29th.

Miss Susie Cook, of this city, is the guest of Miss Mary Boardley, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. Sumner Wormley was the recent guest of Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Minton, in Philadelphia.

Mr. Chas. Currey, of this city, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sutton in Philadelphia last week.

Mrs. Hattie Brooks has returned to Philadelphia after spending a pleasant summer at Cape May, Baltimore and this city.

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Garner have returned to this city after a very pleasant visit of three weeks to their former home in Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Daisy Cross, of this city, is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. William Green, of this city, are visiting friends in Philadelphia, and are being royally entertained.

Miss Ida Jenkins and Mrs. Johnson, of this city, are spending the winter in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Geo. Collins is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Geo. Collins is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Benj. J. Benton has returned to her home in Brunswick, Ga., after a pleasant trip to this city. Mrs. Benton came here to enter her son, Benjamin Jr., in school.

Among the Washingtonians seen in New York City during the Clef Club's Triumph were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Fisher, W. J. Morsell, Capt. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mason, Mrs. George Hinton, Miss Vernice Hamilton, Mr. Frazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hudnell, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dabney, and others.

Mrs. Nora Porter Duguid and Miss Vivian Myers have returned to this city, after a pleasant stay of a month in Newburgh, New York City, N. Y., and New Haven, Conn., with relatives and friends.

Miss Julia B. Collier has returned to this city after spending a delightful stay in Philadelphia, Pa.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & &McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

Mrs. Nichols, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Mayo, 334 U street northwest.

Miss Bessie Grant, of Wheeling, W. Va., is visiting Miss Addie Hall, 987½ Florida avenue northwest.

Mrs. J. V. Tines, of Detroit, Mich., is spending the winter here.

Rev. A. C. Garner, associate deputy of the I. O. of St. Luke, this city, was the principal speaker at a public meeting of St. Lukes in Cambridge, Mass., on October 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, of Gotham, N. Y., are now residing in this city.

Mr. B. F. Thomas, who has been visiting his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Moye, at 309 W. 40th street, has returned to this city after a pleasant stay.

Mrs. Clarence Lucas has returned to this city after a pleasant visit of two weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Booker, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Dabney, of 1132 3d street northwest, gave a reception in honor of Miss Ethel Edwards, of Atlantic City, on Tuesday evening, October 17. The invited guests were Mrs. Richardson, Miss Charlotte Brown, Mr. Wormley, Miss Lizzie Clarke, Mr. Smith Adams, Mr. Griffin, Mrs. White and Miss Janie Bell. The evening was joyously spent.

The recital given by Prof. Joseph Shelton Pollen, a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church on Monday, October 17, was a grand musical success. Miss Lottie Wallace, a rising star in this community, has a rich contralto voice, which was given full scope in the selections sung by her. Mme. E. V. Preoleau Jackson, who for a long time has been a favorite among concert goers, fully sustained her reputation as a soprano singer. Mr. Felix F. Weir added new laurels to his renown as a violinist who knows how to reach the soul.

On Monday evening, October 24, after a wide-awake meeting of the Degree Chiefs' Association at the St. Luke Home, 1924 13th street northwest, seventy-five or more persons, with the District Deputy, Mrs. Bessie B. Anderson, leading, started towards the home of the associate deputy, Rev. A. C. Garner, 943 T street northwest. Upon approaching the beautiful home of Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Garner, the happy crowd sang softly and sweetly "Bringing in the Sheaves." Each person entered the brilliantly lighted residence with their packages of good things, marching around the dining table, laying their packages thereon. This was an old time surprise party. Rev. Garner greeted the crowd and expressed his high appreciation to his friends. The evening was joyously spent in solos and recitations. At 11:30 the party gathered around the dining room, with Rev. and Mrs. Garner and family at the table, also Mrs. Bessie B. Anderson, Mrs. Sarah Barton, Miss Mattie R. Bowen, and Mr. M. M. Peace, and were bountifully served with delicacies of the season by a committee of ladies. After a very pleasant evening the guests departed about 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles D. Fidney was presented with a fine baby girl last week. Mrs. Fidney and baby are doing well.

There will be a billiard match Nov. 3 and 4 at 1821 14th street northwest, the Metropole Club, W. Pinchback, vs. L. Hughes, at 8 p. m.

Ross-Logan Nuptials.

A pretty wedding took place at noon last Saturday in Asbury M. E. Church, in the presence of a small company of friends and relatives. The bride, Miss Mary Adele Logan, being the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. B. F. Myers, and the groom, Mr. George Andrew Ross, A. B., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Ross, of Alexandria, Va.

The bride entered the church, which was profusely decorated with palms, to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March on the arm of her brother, Mr. Joseph Granville Logan. Mrs. Estelle V. Jarvis presided at the organ and played Shumann's Traumerei during the ceremony. The Rev. Dr. Mathew W. Clair, uncle of the bride, officiated.

The bride wore blue chiffon broadcloth, with a hat of blue chiffon velvet trimmed with white willow plumes. She carried a shower bouquet of Bridal roses and maiden-hair fern.

The bride was attended by her cousin, Miss Fannie Louise Madella, as maid of honor, who wore blue mouseline de soie and a black beaver picture hat, and carried yellow chrysanthemums and maiden-hair fern. Mrs. M. W. Clair, aunt of the bride, was matron of honor. She was attired in blue lansdowne. Mr. Chas. C. Ross, of Bridgeport, Conn., brother of the groom, acted as best man. Master John Asbury Clair was ring bearer.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents to the immediate families.

The contracting parties were the recipients of many handsome presents.

After an extended tour Mr. and Mrs. Ross will reside in Lewiston, Me.

The Northwest Undertakers furnished their new, handsome coaches for the occasion.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS.

The name of the Fairmount Heights Correspondence Club has been changed to the Fairmount Heights Republican Club. They have nothing to do with the "Hunt Clubs."

The Ladies' Improvement Club has just completed about 4,000 feet of gravel walks. One of the walks commences at the 58th street station, north to the District Boulevard, along the Boulevard to White avenue, and along White avenue to Wilson street. The other walk begins at the Boulevard, near 61st street, along Addison avenue, north to the Chapel road.

The citizens living on Clark avenue are building about 1,000 feet of walk on that avenue. Fairmount avenue may be mentioned soon. Twelve street lamps were donated to the community as follows: Mr. W. I. Daniels, 1; Mr. T. U. Redmon, 1; Mr. Trammel, 1; Mr. W. H. Pinkney, 1; Mr. James F. Armstrong, 1; Mr. W. B. Coles, 1; Miss Cropper, 2; Mr. W. S. Crouse, 1; Mr. B. H. Harris, 1; and the Fairmount Heights Mutual Improvement Company, W. S. Pittman, president, 2. It is hoped that such liberality may continue. Many new houses are being erected.

Rev. F. M. Dickey, of Bangor, Me., spoke before the Epworth League last Sunday night. His subject was "The universal kingdom and peace." The subject was discussed by Mrs. L. E. Crouse and others. Rev. Jenkins, of Roberts Chapel, Alexandria, Va., preached a noble sermon at the M. E. church last night. The new M. E. church will be begun in the early spring. The church lots are nearly clear. The revival services are being well attended.

West Washington Notes.

Mrs. D. W. Hayes, who has been spending a month with her mother and friends in Denver, has returned home, much benefited by her pleasant stay.

Miss Ella Hayes, a teacher in the Cary street school, Baltimore, Md., is spending a few days with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. W. Hayes.

Mrs. Martha A. Newton, of Bethesda, Md., is visiting friends in the city for a few weeks.

Mrs. Mollie Stewart, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, who has been quite ill for a few weeks, is said to be convalescent.

Rev. E. S. Williams, the District Superintendent of the M. E. Church, delivered a very instructive and interesting address to the Senior Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church Sunday afternoon. Music was furnished by the junior choir.

The pastor of Mt. Zion M. E. Church, Rev. D. W. Hayes, D. D., delivered a special sermon to the congregation Sunday morning, subject, "Wheel Within the Wheel," and presented some very logical thoughts in his sermon, which was listened to with much interest before a very large membership of the church.

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THE KEY OF TEBALDO

Curious Messenger of Death Invented by an Italian.

TRAGIC LEGEND OF VENICE.

Unique Weapon With Which the Man of Mystery and Murder Sought to Slay His Way to the Hand of the Woman He Loved.

The chronicles of Venice tell that in the earlier part of the seventeenth century a certain stranger, a man of dark and sinister aspect, arrived in the city. His name was Tebaldo. He appears to have been a man of unruly passions, of great intellectual power, but one whose talents found their chief outlet in crime.

One day he observed a beautiful girl leaving church, attended in a manner which showed she belonged to a family of high degree. She was, in fact, the daughter of an ancient and noble house. He fell violently in love with her. Though far removed from him in station, his blind passion took no count of this fact, and he determined to sue for her hand.

There proved to be, however, a more insuperable obstacle to his suit. The girl was already betrothed to another, a young nobleman of almost equal rank and fortune. The knowledge did not deter Tebaldo, who boldly presented himself before the girl's parents in the capacity of a suitor for her hand. As might have been expected, he met with a curt and unceremonious rebuff.

The repulse rankled in his mind. Enraged beyond measure, he shut himself up in his own house and there secretly studied a means of revenge. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented a most formidable and death dealing weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned at will. When it was thus turned a secret spring was disclosed, which, on being pressed, launched from the key head a fine needle or lancet. The latter was of such delicate construction that it penetrated the body of the victim and buried itself deep in the flesh without leaving any external trace.

The marriage of the betrothed couple was fixed to take place in the principal church in Venice on a certain day. Before the ceremony Tebaldo, cunningly disguised, stationed himself at the church door armed with his diabolical weapon. As the bridegroom was about to enter the building the concealed watcher pressed the spring and sent the deadly steel lancet into the breast of his victim. The young nobleman had no suspicion of injury at the moment. In the midst of the ceremony, however, he was seized with a sharp spasm of pain and sank fainting on the steps of the altar. He was hurriedly conveyed to his home, where the leading Venice physicians were summoned to attend him. In spite of their unremitting efforts he sank and died, nor were they able to discover the nature of the mysterious and fatal seizure.

With the removal of his rival, Tebaldo once more presented himself before the girl's parents and renewed his request for her hand. Their refusal to listen to him sealed their doom. In what manner he accomplished it is not known, but within a few days both had been done to death in the same sudden and mysterious fashion.

The exalted rank of the victims created a profound sensation, and when, on examination of the bodies, a fine steel instrument was found in the flesh terror became universal. The citizens feared for their lives. The utmost vigilance was exercised on the part of the authorities, but as yet no suspicion fell upon Tebaldo.

The bereaved girl retired to a convent, where she passed the first months of mourning in sorrowful seclusion. Tebaldo, however, sought her out in her retreat and begged to speak to her through the grating.

His dark, evil face had always been displeasing to her, but since the death of her betrothed and parents it had become repulsive. When, therefore, in the course of the interview he pressed her to fly with him he met with an instant and indignant refusal. Her scorn stung him to the quick. Beside himself with rage, he brought his deadly weapon once more into play and succeeded in wounding the girl through the grating, the obscurity of the place preventing his action from being observed.

On her return to her room the girl felt a sharp pain in her breast. Examination of the spot showed that it was dotted with a single drop of blood. Physicians were hastily summoned. Taught by past experience, they wasted no time in vain conjecture, but cut into the flesh and extracted the slender steel, thus saving the girl's life.

The dastardly attempt occasioned a public outcry. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent became known and caused suspicion to turn upon him. The emissaries of the law descended suddenly upon him, his house was searched, and there the abominable invention was discovered. Swift justice followed, and he ended his days upon the scaffold.

The key is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice.—Chambers' Journal.

Lovers' Quarrels.

Nell—A lovers' quarrel always reminds me of a crazy quilt. Belle—How's that? Nell—Always patched up.—Philadelphia Record.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.—Goldsmith.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

A Rather Roundabout Way to Prove the Proposition—But Does This Prove It?

Men say women are angels; women say women are cats. Let us pause a moment and reason upon this thing.

If women are angels—however, that does not seem to be the proper starting point. Let us try again.

If angels are cats—but, no; that is hardly reasonable, for angels have wings, and cats do not fly. We must begin again.

If women are cats—but that isn't possible, for cats do not talk, and how could a dumb animal express an opinion in words of a woman? Whatever cats may think, they never say a word about a woman, while women—well, women are not cats.

Now let us return to the first proposition.

If women are angels, they wouldn't say women are cats. Angels don't talk that way.

Once upon a time a man married a woman. He said she was an angel; the women said she was a cat. Happy man, not to know the difference between an angel and a cat!

Men say women are angels, and by this token women say angels are cats. Therefore, angels being cats, cats must be angels, and, both being the same, women are women.

Which is precisely what they are.—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

NEW MEXICO.

How That Portion of Northern New Spain Got Its Name.

The country now called Mexico was not so called till 1810, when the revolt against Spain began. Up to independence the country was called New Spain and was divided into the same number of provinces as Spain, each with a name of a province in Spain, with the prefix of "new," but New Mexico was not included in this division. It got its name in this way:

In 1561 Francisco Ibarra was in charge of an expedition of exploration into what is now northern Durango and southern Chihuahua and discovered an Indian village near where Santa Barbara now stands in which the houses were whitewashed and the people made and wore cotton cloth, raising the cotton in the neighborhood. He wrote an account of his discovery to his brother in the City of Mexico, telling him he had discovered "una nueva Mexico," a new Mexico, another Mexico, meaning that he had found another town like the City of Mexico, and thereafter all this portion of northern New Spain was known as "Nueva Mexico"—that is, New Mexico—which name it has retained, though now much reduced in extent.—Las Vegas Optic.

Muskrats For Meat.

Of all animals that supply meat to man the muskrat has been the most abused and the least understood, says the Baltimore Star. Its name had bred in the public mind a prejudice that has been almost unconquerable, but truth will prevail in spite of fate. As a fact the muskrat is one of the neatest and most delightful of animals. It is a crank in cleanliness. It dines with the care of an epicure. It eats only the whitest and tenderest morsels. And its flesh has qualities that can be compared only to terrapin. Indeed, there are good people along the Chesapeake, where all the best things live and grow, who find in the well served muskrat satisfaction that is equal to the diamondback. Only the ignorant and the prejudiced think differently, and they may be educated.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they wither ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

The Prisoner's Retort.

It is a prison chaplain's duty to give a departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future. In the course of one of these interviews a chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Didn't Need a Doctor.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Are you suffering? Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly sad.

"No," she murmured. "It's only a cold, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheering Her.

Macdougal (to his new fourth wife)—The meenister doesna approve o' my marryin' again, an' sae young a wife too! But, as I tell't him, I canna be ave buryin', buryin'.—Punch.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO

The Mermaid Malinche and Her Haunted Springs.

LURE OF THE WATER SPRITE.

To See This Fabled Custodian of the Royal Jewels of the Ancient Aztecs Is to Die and Help the Siren Guard the Hidden Treasures.

Malinche, or Malintze, as some of the old Mexican writers spell it, is the water sprite, the mermaid, who lives in two famous springs in Mexico that are said to be connected by natural underground waterways.

She is invisible to all except those who never return to tell the tale, yet it is easy to see her, they say.

In the daytime Malinche lives in the little spring bed pool just within the iron gates of Chapultepec. Here she is a sweet spirit, always wooing the passerby with the music of her gentle voice.

At nighttime she is miles away, and her voice is wicked and mournful. It will add interest to this legend of the Malinche if the traveler when he starts out to visit Chapultepec for the first time will pause at the Cuauhtemoc statue in the second glorieta of the Paseo and take a long look at it, not only because it is a noble work of art, but because this Indian hero was the last ruler of his race, the Aztecs, and in the final struggle called Malinche to his aid.

A bronze relief in the base of the pedestal on which the statue stands shows the chief being tortured to compel him to reveal the hiding place of the wealth of his kingdom. Cuauhtemoc's stoical bearing rebukes the complainings of his comrade, whose feet are also roasting over the slow fire in the brasero beneath them, and when he at last cries out in anguish Cuauhtemoc reproves him. "For shame, faint heart. Do you think I am taking my pleasure in my bath that you appeal to me?"

The magnificent old cypress trees that surround the rock of Chapultepec on a slightly lower level than the spring were old before the conquest, and among them Cuauhtemoc and his plumed and painted warriors guided their canoes to the enchanted spring when they came to quench their battle thirst. Protected by these brave old trees, Cuauhtemoc climbed the rocks and from the heights watched the maneuvers of his enemies on the lakes. Close by the storied spring stands the monarch of them all, Montezuma's tree. It is awe inspiring to follow with the eye its rugged bole up over the growth of centuries and try to measure with the mind the history that has been enacted beneath its waving boughs. Perhaps the magic spring at its feet caused it to grow higher and more majestic than its fellows. Here in its shade Montezuma sat and wept when he foresaw his downfall. Here Cuauhtemoc vowed that if he could not overcome the Spaniard he would give the Aztec treasure to Malinche.

She overheard him make this vow and whispered from the fringed brink of the mirroring water that she would receive the trust at the spring of Atzcapotzalco, three or four miles away. This town, whose name looks so unpronounceable to the strangers, but sounds so smooth when uttered by a Mexican, has a little suburb, Zancopinca, that has been made famous by Malinche's spring. It is here that Malinche loses the sweet nature by which she is known at Chapultepec and becomes a wicked sprite. The legend relates that she grew savage because she was set to guard the treasure that Cuauhtemoc secretly conveyed to her when the hour of despair had arrived for his people, though another tradition says that he selected that hiding place because of her wild and brave spirit.

However that may be, it was there that he carried the royal jewels of the Aztecs and much gold and silver when he knew that he was about to be defeated by Cortes. Calling up the Malinche, he gave all into her keeping and then went to his doom. Down deep into the hidden grottoes of her home Malinche dragged the hoarded treasures.

Long passageways connect these chambers and by many tortuous windings reach either spring. The walls of rock crystal and chalcedony have been polished and worn into fantastic shapes by the running water. There are long, narrow shelves on which the treasure is strewn and glittering stalactites that catch long strings of pearls and emeralds and hold them swaying in the winds of the caves.

Glowworms and electric fishes light the fairy scene, and the water makes constant music, but the Malinche is not happy. If you go near the pool at Zancopinca you will hear her voice lamenting, and often in the nighttime it may be heard afar off. If the unwary traveler pauses to listen he will hear cries of distress and anger and sad moanings that attract him to their relief. He will come nearer and nearer to the spring and, bending down that his ear may be close, he will hear troubled waters rushing among hidden rocks. When his face is above the pool a pair of white arms will rise up out of the water and clasp him about the neck. He is never seen again. He has gone to help the siren guard the treasure of Cuauhtemoc.—Mary Worral Hudson in Mexican Herald.

Nature is lavish in the production of everything but great men.—Hubbard.

HOLY GROANING.

The Sins of Worldly Pleasures in the Seventeenth Century Included Laughing and Even Smiling.

Buckle gives a graphic picture of the attitude of the kirk of Scotland to worldly pleasures during the seventeenth century. Cheerfulness, especially when it rose to laughter, was to be guarded against. Smiling might occasionally be allowed; still, being a carnal pastime, it was a sin to smile on Sunday. No husband should kiss his wife and no mother her child on the Sabbath day. Jesting was incompatible with a holy and serious life. The ministers were given much to weeping, groaning and lamentations. One, the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, was noted for his "holy groan." To engage in the frivolous art of writing poems was condemned. Men should not disport themselves with music; dancing was a "serious sin;" joyousness even at a christening was a scandal. One should speak and walk with gravity and solemnity; he should not enjoy his dinner; only the ungodly relished food. The great object of life was to be in a state of affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to suspected. Whatever was natural was wrong. The churchmen grew sour in countenance, harsh in voice. Joy and love disappeared or were forced to hide in obscure corners.

MAN MONEY.

The Old Teutonic Law on Killing or Injuring Others.

The system of atoning for death or bodily injuries inflicted on others by paying damages is as old as the earliest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus. The trespasser was always required to make peace with the aggrieved family of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for man. "Geld," now, as in the days of Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accordance with the rank and wealth of the injured party, and the money was paid over in the presence of the whole community, its acceptance forestalling feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-Geld ("money for the man" killed) by law precluded further bloodshed or other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to pay the required sum, he turned over to the injured parties his sons as slaves. If his sons were not sufficient guarantee for the payment of the debt, the slayer himself had to turn bondsman, both the letter and the spirit of the law requiring that the full amount of damage inflicted be recovered by the aggrieved parties.—New York World.

Fulfilling His Agreement.

Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Gwimple had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright, he had made a cash payment of $1,000 and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night, not long after he had taken possession of his new home, Mrs. Gwimple roused him from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimple crawled out of bed and started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered, half awake.

"To let him in! Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much For His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the sad eyed individual, "are invariably good. In fact, I think that I may venture without fear of undue exaggeration to say that they are very good. But I never act on them. I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad. In fact, I think I may say without fear of misrepresentation that they're punk."

"Well," suggested he who was listening, "why don't you wait until third thoughts and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the sad eyed individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life."—Exchange.

At His Own Risk.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.

An Old Saw Strikes a Nail.

Mr. Scrappington (musingly)—As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time— Mrs. Scrappington (briskly)—But you can't fool me any of the time!—Puck.

Didn't Take the Bait.

Miss Anciente (insinuatingly)—I dislike my name; it's horrid. Mr. Fly (absently)—I fear it's too late to change it now.

Thick silence.—Pittsburg Press.

Pretty Unpopular.

Wigg—Bjones doesn't seem to be very popular. Wagg—I should say not. Why, that fellow is so unpopular he couldn't even get a job as a bill collector.—Philadelphia Record.

A DARING BUCCANEER

Edward Thatch, Who Was Known as the Blackbeard Pirate.

HIS BATTLE WITH MAYNARD.

After the Hand to Hand Conflict the Desperado's Head Hung at the Bowsprit End of the Lieutenant's Sloop as She Sailed Back to Virginia.

It is almost 200 years since Edward Thatch, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, was a name with which to terrorize the Atlantic coast of the then new country of America. As a buccaneer whose deeds of desperate daring made him feared wherever his name was known he stands a close rival of the famous Captain Kidd, if indeed in some respects he did not surpass that notorious freebooter.

The date of Thatch's birth is lost in history, and his native place is variously given as Bristol and Jamaica. He first appears as a foremast hand to Major Stede Bonnet, a gentleman of Barbados, who, although a man of property and having small knowledge of the sea, thought proper to fit out a sloop and take to a life of piracy, the explanation of his being "a little distracted" being charitably given by one biographer. However that may be, his crew missed in the major the qualities of a successful commander. They deposed him and elected Thatch in his place. Bonnet was tried and executed in 1711.

Thatch's first independent exploit of which we have a detailed account took place in June, 1718, when he captured two French ships near the Bermudas, one laden with sugar, the other empty. Transferring to the latter the crew of the laden vessel and letting them go their way, he sailed with his prize of vessel and sugar for Bathtown, N. C., with the governor of which place, Charles Eden, he had previously arrived at a pleasant understanding.

Thatch gave out that he had found the French ship deserted. Governor Eden received sixty hogsheads of sugar as his share. Tobias Knight, his secretary, took twenty, and the remainder fell to Thatch and his crew. Thatch lingered there for some months, plundering and insulting the merchants of the place. These, understanding at length the futility of expecting redress from Eden, applied to the governor of Virginia to rid them of the pest.

The governor, after consultation with the captains of the Pearl and Lime, then lying in the James river, agreed to provide two sloops, the warships to furnish a complement of men. Lieutenant Maynard of the Pearl was placed in command, and the punitive expedition sailed on Nov. 17, 1718. On the 21st the pirates were sighted in an inlet about sixty miles from Bathtown, and Maynard anchored for the night.

On the following morning Thatch, maneuvering to elude attack, ran his vessel aground, but Maynard's sloop, drawing more water, though she had no guns on board, failed to get to close quarters. The lieutenant, however, threw out his ballast and in answer to a truculent defiance from Thatch promised to be "soon aboard him with his sloop." Coming at last within close range, a broadside from the pirate killed or wounded twenty of Maynard's crew and nine on board his consort.

Maynard now ran alongside the pirate, when, under cover of a discharge of grenades, Thatch and fourteen followers boarded the king's ship. Maynard and Thatch, pistol and sword in hand, engaged in a desperate personal encounter. The lieutenant's sword broke, and more than once he narrowly escaped a fatal injury. But at last Thatch, having received sixteen wounds, fell dead in the act of cocking a pistol. His followers jumped overboard and cried for quarter. Maynard hung Thatch's head at the bowsprit end, sailed for Bathtown, where he seized the governor's storehouse, and then, still with his grisly sign of triumph swinging in the wind, rejoined his ship in Virginia, where thirteen of the captured pirates were hanged.

One of the Blackbeard's crew who obtained pardon was Israel Hands, who makes his appearance in "Treasure Island." Shortly before Thatch met his death Hands had been lamed for life by a pistol shot in the knee fired by Thatch from under the cabin table, at which he, with Hands and others, was carousing, just to remind his crew in general "who he was." Such an act was only one of the many eccentric brutalities of Thatch's career.

When he felt himself in the vein or was going into action his appearance was somewhat startling—his bushy black beard tied up with ribbons, the ends of which were thrown over his ears; a fur cap on his head, with a lighted match on either side, and three brace of pistols slung across his shoulder. Of the usual condition of himself and his crew much may be gathered from the fact that "our company somewhat sober" was a circumstance deemed worthy of note in the diary found after his death.—London Globe.

Not Yet.

"Do you desire a room with a bath?" asked the affable clerk.

"Gee whiz, no!" replied the gentleman with the canvas telescope. "This is only Tuesday, ain't it?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

MEAT IN AFRICA.

When the Native Butcher Purposes Killing an Ox He Sends Around Notice to the White People.

Travelers in Africa find the standard of living somewhat different from what they are accustomed to at home. Mary Hall in her book, "A Woman's Trek From the Cape to Cairo," throws a strong light upon the condition of market and kitchen in British Central Africa:

When the native butcher proposes to kill an ox, notice to that effect is sent round to the white people on the previous day. Once they were apprised of the fact by the following startling announcement: "A bule will be murdered tomorrow morning at 6 a. m."

This cold blooded crime, so carefully premeditated, even to the exact hour, was, however, not committed, as the next morning a second notice was issued as follows: "The bule ran away this morning, so was not murdered." But this was an exceptional case.

I heard one story which is so characteristic of the native that I repeat it. The man who related it told me that the incident occurred when he was on a journey and was suffering from a bad attack of fever. One evening he fancied he would like some eggs and told his boy to get two and boil them lightly.

After a time they were brought to him as hard as bullets. He told the boy he must get some more and boil them less; but, alas, these were brought to him in the same condition, and the poor fellow wished he had never ordered them at all.

Being unwilling to give in, he made another attempt and told his boy, "Come to me when the water boils." The boy did so.

"Now," said his master, "put the eggs in, and when you have counted fifty take them out."

The native method of reckoning is to count up to ten and then begin again, arriving at the total by the number of the tens counted. The sick man heard the boy start fair and get as far as four tens, when a second boy interfered and questioned whether it were the third or fourth ten.

This started a discussion, and as they could not agree it was decided to begin all over again. Meanwhile the eggs were still boiling and getting harder and harder. This was about the last straw, and, ill as the man felt, he was compelled to get out of bed and put a summary end to the cooking operations.

SOME SURE THINGS.

Do Not Bet on Your Ability to Perform These Feats.

Bets to be avoided by those who are cocksure they can do all things are those relating to athletic feats. It would seem that a good runner could easily give a start of fifty yards in a hundred to a man who was doing the fifty yards by hopping on one leg. But few runners, if any, can afford to give that amount of start to any man who is at all strong on his legs. For the first five yards or so they go at practically the same pace, so that to run ninety-five yards while his opponent is hopping forty-five he has to go more than twice as fast, and it is a weak man indeed who cannot hop fifty yards in ten seconds.

An ordinary wooden match is easily broken in the fingers, but, although there are many who will bet they can do it, none succeed in accomplishing the task if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first sight.

No one can crush an egg placed lengthwise between his clasped hands—that is, if the egg be sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

It is safe to bet a man that he cannot get out of a chair without bending his body forward or putting his feet under it if he is sitting on it, not at the edge of it.

Another equally certain wager is that a man cannot stand at the side of a room with both of his feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

It is safe to bet any man, save one who is blind, that he cannot stand for five minutes without moving if he is blindfolded.

Very Different.

It is never embarrassing in a novel for a rich man to find a lot of poor kin. There is always a vacancy in a bank, where the rich man finds a good position for the oldest son, who soon becomes the bank's president. Another child shows a genius for painting, and the rich man sends him to Italy to study. In a month or two the child returns a great artist. But how different in real life! Ah, how vastly different!—Atchison Globe.

She Had Often Studied It.

Little Marie had returned from her first visit to Sunday school.

"And what lesson are you to study for next Sunday?" her mother asked.

"Nuffin' much," said the four-year-old rather scornfully. "Her jest said to learn all about the catakissin', and me knowed that already."—Lippincott's.

Like the Bee.

"I, sir," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "am like the busy bee. I have industriously stored the good things of life."

"Yes. And anybody who tried to stop you was very likely to get stung."—Washington Star.

Force of Habit.

Captain of Signalers—G—G—G, what the deuce does the fellow mean? There's no word with three G's running. Corporal—Beg pardon, sir, but Signaler Higgins he stutters!—London Punch.

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SARDOU AND THE SPIRIT.

The Famous French Dramatist Wrote and Drew Pictures While "Under Control."

Before he made his reputation by writing plays Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, who was deeply interested in spiritualism, had a remarkable experience in taking dictation. He had been interested in occult phenomena, and by chance he came into communication with a spirit personality who signed himself "Bernard Palissy." M. Sardou told the story of his experiments in an article entitled "Only the Blindly Ignorant Scoff" in the Delineator. He said:

One day in my room with two friends I thought I would make the little table where we had taken our coffee run about the room, as I had often done when alone. Without saying anything I put my hand on the table, but it would not budge. I tried in vain all the time they were there to make it move, but to no avail. As soon as they were gone I could make it do what I pleased, even jump clear off the floor. So I took up my pencil and asked, "But why would you not make the table move while my friends were here?" The hand which held the pencil wrote, "They were too stupid."

Shortly after this I was sitting by my table one day idling, dreaming, not making any effort to do anything in particular. All of a sudden my hand began to work on the paper before me with a rapidity and precision which astonished me. And it kept this up for close to two hours. The result was a fantastic piece of work drawn in delicate lines, fine almost as a spider's web, and at the bottom a signature—"Bernard Palissy." "What is it?" I asked.

And my automatic hand wrote, "The house of Swedenborg, on the planet Jupiter." This was considered as most curious by all my friends, who knew that personally I had no aptitude for drawing. A plate was prepared, and I was given an etching tool. The result, in the same order of design, was a more elaborate piece of work, this time curiously combined out of all sorts of musical terms, clefs, notes, bars, and so on, and the whole was designated as the house of Mozart, also on Jupiter, and the whole was again signed "Palissy." In fact, Bernard Palissy became my almost constant companion from this on, like my second self.

AN UNWASHED PRINCE.

The Lesson That Ended His Kicks About Morning Baths.

When Emperor William II. was a small boy he had a strong objection to being washed in the morning, and his governess, having had some unpleasant experiences with him and being in some doubt as to what she had better do, appealed to his father, the then Crown Prince Frederick. Frederick answered, "The next time he gives any trouble on this score leave him alone to his own pleasure and report to me."

Naturally it was not long before the young prince refused to go through the purification process, and the governess followed the orders received.

Now, the boy had a little carriage and was very fond of driving out in the morning, and he generally ordered the coachman to go by way of the Brandenburg gate, as it amused and flattered him to see the soldiers in the barrack, just inside the gate, turn out and present arms as the heir to the empire passed their quarters. Accordingly on the morning of his disobedience the order was, as usual, "To the Brandenburg gate," and the carriage rolled rapidly thither. But what was the amazement and the rage of the princeling on arriving there to see no soldiers except those on guard, and they took not the slightest notice of him. In a towering passion he ordered the coachman to return to the palace, where, rushing into his father's room, he complained of the indecent behavior of the guard and demanded their condign punishment.

But his father only smiled and said in the gentlest voice: "Fuer unge waschener prins wird niemals praesen tirt" ("An unwashed prince is never painted").—Harper's Weekly.

A FIRE IN JAPAN.

The Victim Has Other Troubles Besides Loss of Goods, Says American Missionary.

An American missionary living in Japan recently lost his dwelling by fire. He described in an amusing way the polite condolences which his neighbors showered upon him. "We were deluged with visiting cards," he says. "They were forced into our hands by sympathetic inquirers, friends offering aid and tradespeople soliciting orders. The conversation with each comer was somewhat as follows: 'You have indeed had an honorable disaster,' says the friend. 'I have humbly caused a great disturbance,' I reply. 'Please honorably excuse me.' 'Indeed, it is honorably sad for you,' the friend answers. 'I have done an unheard of thing,' I say. 'I am overcome that you should have come to call on me on purpose. Thank you very much.' 'Please honorably excuse me for being so late in coming,' says the friend. The energy required for such a conversation can be imagined by accompanying each sentence with a low bow and repeating the process about fifty times.

"About 10 o'clock we two foreigners escaped to face our next duty, which consisted in apologising to all the houses in our section—about fifty. It was nearly 12 o'clock at night when our apology tour was completed, but our last visitor called at 2 o'clock in the morning. Callers began coming again at 6 o'clock and kept on coming steadily. During the day we received many visitors and paid twenty-eight or more calls. The strain of all this, together with our other tasks, including the receiving of the stream of visitors, which lasted a whole week, is better imagined than described.

"All day after the fire and for three days more people from all over Gifu and from out-stations kept bringing sympathy from their families and presents of cakes and fruit and other articles. We can never repay all the kindness we received."—Chicago News.

THE ELBE RIVER.

How the Stream Was Brought to an Even Slope and Current.

In the beginning the Elbe, like any other river, wandered at its will, now spreading out among a multitude of islands, now narrowing into a short and crooked turn, now widening over a shoal. As a proper beginning for the correction of this sort of thing the Prussians, in true German style, prepared a map of the stream as it was, decided by a simple mathematical calculation how wide a channel 1.50 meters deep at middle water could be with the existing flow and then upon the map in red ink, eliminating all sharp turns, drew in graceful curves and long straight reaches regardless of the existing banks two nearly parallel lines, indicating the banks as they were intended to be.

The engineers began at the head of the stream and built out from the old shore to the location of the red line transverse dikes, ground sills—ordinary contraction works. Sometimes where they seemed to be needed they built long parallel dikes exactly on the new red line. Sometimes they wove hurdles and revetment mattresses of willow brush, much as we do at home, and sunk them on bars between the tips of the transverse dikes, and then on the top of them set up upright sticks and wove "wattle" or basket fences of willow through them to make pens, and into these piled sand dredged from the stream, to build up the shore. Mile by mile they advanced, dredging the river or letting it dredge itself, leaving no ends loose to ravel out, gradually reducing the river to an even slope and current.—Boston Transcript.

His Dinner Guests.

In a volume published in London, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," there is this queer anecdote of the vagaries of social life in the capital: Some years ago an eminent personage accepted or suggested a dinner with a certain millionaire, at that time comparatively unknown. The first guest to arrive, having explained to the butler that, being unacquainted with his host, he would wait till some one else came who could introduce him, lingered in the hall. The second was in the same predicament, as were the third, fourth, fifth and other guests up to the ninth, who chanced to be "the eminent personage" himself. Upon the dilemma being explained to him he cheerfully said: "Oh, come along with me! I will introduce you all. I know him."

Clown Dogs In Demand.

There are dogs and dogs, but not all dogs are fitted for clown work in the circus or a dog and pony show. Clown dogs are a source of great amusement with the children, and when a pup is found which has a keen sense of the ridiculous he is the one for the sawdust ring. Sometimes pups of no particular breed are found which fill the bill for harlequin roles, and the circus man is glad to get them. When a humorous dog is small and agile he is in great demand.—Chicago News.

Practical Proof.

"Tom, my son, I want you to make yourself ambidextrous. I want you to be able to use one hand just as skillfully as you do the other."

"That's me, dad. I can lick any boy in my class with either hand."—New York World.

The Dear Friends.

Vaudeville Dancer—When do you go on? Vaudeville Singer—Right after the trained cats. Vaudeville Dancer—Goodness me! Why don't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—Cleveland Leader.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

By the Way He Does It He Gives an Index to His Character.

THE POTENCY OF LAUGHTER.

Shown by the Effective Way in Which Cervantes Smiled Spain's Vain and Foolish Chivalry Away—Men Who Never Laughed and Rarely Smiled.

What an index to character is man's laugh! What surer clew can we have to both his intellect and his temper unless it be that he seldom or never laughs? "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." "You know no man," says Tieck, "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh." "The perception of the ludicrous," says Emerson, "is a pledge of sanity. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow men can do little for him."

Lavater, the great physiognomist, lays his great stress on the very unequivocal and derisive nature of a laugh as an index of character. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of any great material wickedness of disposition. Caesar mistrusted Cassius because that lean and hungry conspirator rarely, if ever, indulged in laughter. When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765 he found that laughing was out of fashion in that gay capital. "Good folks," he writes, "they have no time to laugh. There are God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition."

How often a man fails to betray the tiger that lurks within him until he laughs! Is there nothing significant in the fact recorded by Plutarch of Cato the younger that nothing could make him laugh, that his countenance was scarcely softened even by a smile? Is it not a characteristic trait of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II. of Spain, that he rarely smiled and that he laughed but once in his entire life, and that when he heard of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day? Is it not a suggestive fact regarding the gloomy, taciturn Wallenstein, the terror of the people, at the sight of whom as he paced through his camp with his lofty figure enveloped in a scarlet mantle and with a red feather in his cap a strange horror took possession of the soldiers, that he was never seen to smile? Can we wonder that the poor little dwarf, Alexander Pope, the cynical satirist, afflicted with asthma and dropsy, tortured with rheumatism, racked with headaches and threatened with cataract, should never have laughed, but only smiled?

It has been said of the greatest of English dramatists, who united with his intense humor an equally intense, piercing insight into the darkest and most fearful depths of human nature, that no heart would have been strong enough to hold the woe of Lear and Othello except that which had the unquenchable elasticity of Falstaff and the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Might not a similar remark be made of that "pendulum betwixt a smile and a fear," Abraham Lincoln, in whom sadness and a keen sense of the comic were so strikingly combined? How exuberant was his mirth, sparkling in jest, comic story and anecdote, and yet how often the very next moment those sad, pathetic, melancholy eyes showed a man familiar with "sorrows and acquainted with grief!"

Who can doubt that but for the merriment in which he indulged—the contagious laughter which welled up from his soul as naturally as do bubbles in the springs of Saratoga—he would have sunk under his weary weight of care long before he fell by the pistol of Booth?

It is indeed statesmen, students and thinkers generally who most need the relaxation afforded by occasional merriment. Some centuries ago it was the fashion in Europe for men of rank to keep a buffoon, and a banquet was considered incomplete where a privileged jester was not an attendant. This was perhaps for those days a wise custom. It is surprising how much a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body and a few minutes' laughter the mind, and many a useful life might be prolonged by the substitution of these remedies for "carking care" and weariness in place of the usual treacherous tonics and stimulants.

What a dismal deduction would be made from the happiness of our homes if they were robbed of their merriment! What pictures of innocent mirth has Goldsmith given in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and how artless the remark of the good Dr. Primrose. "If he had little wit we had plenty of laughter!"

What a power for good and evil is the world's "dread laugh, which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn!" How many men have been cowed by it who could have faced without flinching a battery's deadly fire! How many bad customs and wicked practices, how many quixotic schemes of philanthropy or reform, how many absurd doctrines in politics, theology and sociology, which have defied the artillery of argument have been "laughed off the public stage," never to return! Did not Cervantes "smile Spain's vain and foolish chivalry away?"—William Mathews in London Great Thoughts.

Ill gotten goods never prosper.—German Proverb.

OBEYED THE DOCTOR.

Did His Best In Keeping a Watch Upon the Patient, but He Practiced Substitution.

The late Dr. Drummond, the habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic county, Que., when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc.

"Bon soir, docteur," said Ovide by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver' seeck. You come on d'house for see heem, doc?"

Drummond, always kind hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise tonight and give him a teaspoonful of this at 9 o'clock, 12 o'clock and at 3 and 6 in the morning. Come and see me about 9 o'clock in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himelf, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecine, but I doan have no watch in d'house, doc. I tak d'leetle clock—d'one what mak d'beeg deesturb for get up. I keep eet on hees ches' all night. T'ink eet do heem good dat, jus' lak d'watch. W'at you t'ink, doc?"—Harper's Weekly.

THE QUEEN BEE.

Her Household Service the Most Perfect in the World.

"We must go to the bee for the real solution of the servant question," said a housewife. "The queen bee's service is the most perfect in the world. Why, she even has servants who digest her food for her.

"The queen bee is so entirely occupied in egg laying—she lays 2,500 eggs, twice her own weight, daily—that all other things must be done for her.

"And so a corps of servants makes her toilet. This corps all day long cleans and brushes and polishes her person. It is as though her life were passed divinely in a beautiful parlor.

"Another corps of servants has charge of the air she breathes. The air must be the purest, that her eggs may be the finest. So, standing in a circle about her, fanning with their wings, these bees make a living ventilating system.

"Her most important servants are perhaps her feeders. Their training may be said to begin before birth, since they must be born, from specially molded eggs, with glands in their heads for the reception of bee milk, the chosen predigested food of the queen. The feeders stand always at attention, presenting, like a brimming cup, their head glands, swollen with predigested food, to the queen bee, busy at her task of laying a dozen eggs a minute."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The English Three R's.

We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do us something less than justice.

He had been on a visit to this country in order to study at first hand the social manners of the English people.

On returning to his native land he was asked by a friend whether he had discovered the meaning of the mysterious "three R's."

"Oh, I found out what they were on the first day of my visit!" said he.

"And what are they, then?"

"Rippin', rotten and right-o!" replied the triumphant Frenchman.—London Mail.

Had Them Tested.

The loss and recovery of a $6,500 pearl necklace recall the story of a similar experience which a New York woman had after the last Old Guard ball. She also missed her necklace when she arrived at her home, and the next day it was brought to her by a woman who had shared her carriage on her way home. Handing the necklace to her friend, the finder said: "So glad I found it. We always thought they were real."—New York Tribune.

Allaying His Fears.

The New Convict—Say, old man, I'm likely to go stomping around my boudoir at all hours of the night. I'm a sleepwalker. It worries me terribly too. Guard—It needn't in this hotel, for there isn't the sightest danger of your walking out of a window.—Puck.

Their Good Time.

Little Elsie was very disobedient and mother was cross and scolding. Suddenly the little one looked up and said very sweetly, "Oh, mamma, ain't we having a good time!"

"How?" asked the mother crossly.

"Oh, just a-fussing."—Delineator.

A Mechanical Age.

"What has become of the old fashioned mother who sat up to see at what hour her boys got in?"

"I presume she has been superseded by a time clock."—Kansas City Journal.

A common danger produces unanimity.—Latin Proverb.

THOUGHTS IN DREAMS

Startling Rapidity With Which the Mind Works in Sleep.

SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

The Events of a Whole Lifetime May Flit Past the Dreamer in a Few Moments—Queer Results of a Dream Experiment by a Noted Psychologist.

A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass" is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute; in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years.

Count Lavalette relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes.

In a more recent experiment, made expressly to test the truth of these theories, the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet in that incalculably brief space of time the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and during the long struggle to escape death that followed all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Professor Titchener of Cornell university told with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to awake himself at once when he found himself dreaming something of value. So, with a notebook on a writing table near his bed, he forced himself to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the possible causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it, then went back to sleep again. The next morning he arose and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night again he wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or, if not with that, with his second dream. Subsequently this strong antesleeping command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awaken, and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table.

It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened, and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes, and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.—Outing Magazine.

Pat's Deficiencies.

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned, and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later.

"I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you $20,000."

"True," said Mrs. McCarthy; "he did."

"How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat could not read or write, could he?"

"No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."—New York Press.

Good Reason Why.

The Woman Hater—Can you explain why it is that a woman hardly ever thanks a man for giving her his seat in a street car? The Man Hater—Easily, sir! It's because she hardly ever gets the chance.—Brooklyn Life.

Almost Got It.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine?'" asked Mr. Malaprop.

"Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honors are withdrawn.—Massinger.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured In Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"'Arlie, my poy, you must be glad that I, Chris, vas proud mit you, an' I vill show you vat my feelings is by giving you the present of somedings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself.'

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"'Give to Arlie der t'ings vat he buys, an' send to me der bill.'

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for $100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"'Why, Chris, old pal,' said 'Lath,' 'there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy? Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?'

"'Arlie,' replied Von der Ahe, 'you vas de one infernal dude in de pisness, I vill dis bill pay, but you vill yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain vot I dink of der impudence of you yourself. You vill also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man vot pays your salary. Arlie, you vas one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I vill myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought.'

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'"

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton downs to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular tradition is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Orayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay, etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang doun to the field by the water belaw the brig."

"No," roared out the elder; "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeanie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

"The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. C. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darky (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout youh wife dyin', Jim. Whar yo' gwine now?

"I's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy eatah lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order thee; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Perrie W. Frisby, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, John C. Proctor, plaintiff, vs. Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, defendant, No. 29631, Equity Doc.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree declaring the marriage ceremony subsisting between the plaintiff and the defendant a nullity on the ground of fraud.

On motion of the complainant, by his attorney, Perrie W. Frisby, it is this 19th day of October, 1910, ordered that the defendant, Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee.

ASHLEY M. GOULD,
Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. Young, clerk. By R. P. Belew, assistant clerk.

"My Friend From Dixie."

Those who have not seen and heard the musical comedy entitled "My Friend From Dixie" will miss a great treat. The Howard Theater stock company, that presented the musical comedy Monday evening, is composed of some of the best musical talent in the country. It is a three-act musical comedy. The book and music are by Mr. J. Lubrie Hill, no doubt one of the best dramatic composers in the United States. Ensembles are by Mr. Will H. Vodey; lyrics by Mr. Alonzo Goven. The play is produced and staged under the direction of Mr. Hill, who is a natural-born actor.

Jasper Green is a rich plantation owner. Mr. Louis A. Mitchell assumes this character. The play is laid in Leesburg, Va. Mandy Lee, his daughter, is Mrs. Hill. Jim Jackson Lee, son-in-law of Jasper Green, is Mr. Richard W. Shelton. He is soon transformed from a farmer to a city sport. He mortgages his wife's property and goes to Washington to have himself elected president of the Negro Business League. Bill Simmons is Jim Jackson, Lee's friend. Mr. Will Brown takes this character. His singing and acting are good. After he persuades Jim to mortgage his wife's property he is arrested and sent to jail, but is subsequently released and is forgiven by his wife and restored to his family. Kate Krew, the social reporter, is Miss Evon Robertson. She is a very sweet actress. Miss Leona Marshall takes the character of a merry widow. She was loudly applauded for her stunts. Miss Quetta Watts, Arthur Carr, Charles H. Woody, and Coleman L. Minor are great acquisitions to the company. The old men's quartette and the newsboys' quintette made a great hit. The choruses are beautiful. The following is the program:

Place—Leesburg, Va. Time—Midday.
Scene 1, Act 1—Front of Jasper Green's home.
Scene 1, Act 2—Front of Union Depot, Washington, D. C. Two weeks later.
Scene 2, Act 2—Front of Lucinda's home, Washington, D. C. Afternoon same day.
Scene 1, Act 3—Street in Washington. One week later.
Scene 2, Act 3—Convention Hall, Washington. Same night.

The comedy far surpasses the Smart Set. The comedy has a moral and its closing is appreciative.

This company will give to the people what they have been asking for. Those who have not seen the play should do so. Manager Smith is to be congratulated.

The Bee extends its congratulations to Mr. J. Lubrie Hill, and believes him to be the most natural-born actor upon the American stage to-day.

ST. LUKES.

St. Lukes Surprise Their Associate Deputy.

Monday night, October 24, about 10:30 o'clock, 113 St. Lukes marched in line from the St. Luke Home, 1924 13th street northwest, to the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Garner, 943 T street, only to rush in upon them and welcome their return after a month's vacation. Tokens of appreciation were placed upon a table in the center of the back parlor as the crowd streamed in singing "Bringing in the Sheaves." Their associate deputy took to flight, while the hostess stood the storm until the Rev. was located and brought forward to face the overwhelming crowd of St. Lukes. The demonstration of appreciation for Dr. Garner's service as their associate deputy were many. Music, songs and speeches were enjoyed until the gong called the attention of the merry crowd to the dining room below, where a most enjoyable feast had been prepared by a special committee, consisting of Mrs. Ella Anderson, degree chief of Plymouth Council, 496, chairman; Mrs. Rebecca M. Young, Mrs. Eliza Lyons, Mrs. M. E. Collins, Mrs. L. J. Buck, Mrs. S. A. Barton, Mrs. O. Pryor and Mrs. Marie B. Wood. Mrs. Eva Kibby, of Anacostia, presented the associate deputy with an umbrella in behalf of Patience Council. Flowers and gifts in rich profusion were left for the hostess as a reminder of the occasion, for the valuable services rendered by Dr. Garner, associate deputy and first vice president of the St. Luke Hall Association of Washington.

Shiloh Church.

The 45th anniversary of Shiloh Baptist Church was celebrated last Sunday and all this week. Rev. Waldron preached a very able sermon last Sabbath morning to a large congregation. The music of the choir was excellent.

Miss Crews Passed.

Miss Minnie A. Crews has successfully passed the board of examiners as pharmacist. The Bee congratulates her.

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George H. De Reef, Assistant Clerk of the Municipal Court.

At a meeting of the judges of the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia, held Oct. 25, Mr. George H. De Reef was appointed a regular assistant clerk at a salary of $1,000 a year. Mr. De Reef has been acting as a temporary assistant for more than a year. His appointment is due to the efforts and influence of Judge Robert H. Terrell, for whom he acted as clrk when Judge Terrell held the office of Justice of the Peace.

Mr. De Reef is a member of the bar of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He is a graduate of the college department and law school of Howard University.

When to Hesitate.

"He who hesitates is lost," quoted the wise guy.

"Oh, I don't know," said the simple mug. "At an auction sale he who hesitates may have his money."—Philadelphia Record.

The Change.

"So he has ceased to be her ideal?"

"He has."

"What disgraceful thing did he do?"

"Married another girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Time to Go.

"I wonder how many of those connected with newspapers," said a reporter, "remember the famous dispatch sent by a press telegraph operator at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. It was the only smile raiser in the whole horrible catastrophe. It read something like this: 'The building is beginning to rock, bricks are falling about, and it's me for the simple life.' Then it trailed off as if the operator had scooted for the open door, or wall, perhaps. This dispatch was handed about the newspaper offices and made all the boys laugh in spite of the serious picture it called to mind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reasons For Cannibalism.

According to a writer in a French review, there are three causes for cannibalism. It is due either to necessity, pleasure or fashion. Twenty per cent of the cannibals, we learn, eat their dead to honor them. The ancient Tibetans belonged to this class. This is sentimental anthropophagy. Nineteen per cent eat their great warriors to obtain their courage. This is designated egotistic anthropophagy. Twenty-nine per cent eat human flesh to punish their enemies and 32 per cent because it is the fashion or because they consider the flesh savory.—Indianapolis News.

Fat Singers—Why?

A medical gentleman, writing in Comoedia, explains that the physical massiveness of the majority of famous singers comes mainly from abnormal development of the lungs. We must confess that we had been under the impression that it was due to a laudable effort to make grand opera amusing.—Punch.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteous.

The National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C., offers the following special courses:

I. Religious Training. This course is especially adapted to those who desire training as Settlement Workers, Deaconesses, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Secretaries, Evangelists and Home Visitors.

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Regular school term begins October 12, 1910.

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